

75 CENTS

APRIL 12, 1976

# TIME

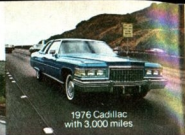
## THE MIDEAST IN AGONY

**Special Report:**  
**How Israel Got The Bomb**





1976 Lincoln Continental  
with 30,000 miles



1976 Cadillac  
with 3,000 miles

October 14, 1975. The Sausalito Handicap.  
How did Lincoln Continental's ride hold up after 30,000 miles?

**68 out of 100 Cadillac owners agree.  
A 1976 Lincoln Continental with 30,000 miles  
has a better ride than a new 1976 Cadillac.**



There's only one way to find out how the riding quality of an automobile will hold up over 30,000 miles: drive it 30,000 miles and see for yourself.

We drove this 1976 Lincoln Continental 30,000 highway miles. Then an independent testing company set out to measure its ride against a very tough competitor—a brand-new Cadillac with just 3,000 break-in miles.

We called this unusual test the Sausalito Handicap. One hundred Cadillac owners from the San Francisco area test-drove and test-rode both cars over the identical route.

And after 42 miles of highway driving and riding, 68 Cadillac owners out of 100 said the 1976 Lincoln

Continental—the car with 30,000 miles—had a better ride than the brand-new Cadillac!

Maybe the way this Continental's ride held up tells you why a separate survey projects that over the last four years more than 40,000 Cadillac drivers have switched to Lincoln Continental or Continental Mark IV. Experience is after all the best teacher.

Experience Continental for yourself by talking to your dealer about buying or leasing a 1976 Continental.

**LINCOLN CONTINENTAL**

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



Of all filter kings:

# Nobody's lower than Carlton.

Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for  
other top brands that call themselves "low" in tar.

	tar, mg/cig.	nicotine, mg/cig.
Brand D (Filter)	14	1.0
Brand D (Menthol)	13	1.0
Brand V (Filter)	11	0.7
Brand T (Menthol)	11	0.6
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
<b>Carlton Filter</b>	<b>*2</b>	<b>0.2</b>
<b>Carlton Menthol</b>	<b>*2</b>	<b>0.2</b>

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—

\*1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine

\*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

No wonder Carlton is  
fastest growing of the top 25.



**Carlton  
Menthol  
2 mg.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

## A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Journalism is "an exciting way to do good," maintains Thomas Griffith, the man behind our new press feature, "Newswatch." But after 40 years in journalism, including a starting stint as a police reporter with the Seattle *Times* in his native Washington State, Griffith is quick to qualify that idealism: "I'm much more skeptical," he adds dryly, "than when I started out." In fact, it was his well-developed skepticism that prompted Griffith to write his 1974 book *How True* (subtitle: *A Skeptic's Guide to Believing the News*). Its object: to provide readers with an inside view of print and broadcast journalism in order to help them evaluate the news. "It is absolutely necessary to be a skeptical reader," argues Griffith. "The more that boundaries are blurred between straight reporting, editorials and impressionistic reporting, the more the reader needs to judge for himself the reliability of what he is reading."

TED HICKS

Now, with "Newswatch," which is scheduled to appear once every two or three weeks, Griffith will be something of a one-man monitoring board. He plans to continue what he did in *How True*: "Talk about what is right and wrong about the press." His intention is not to turn out a "trade column" but to focus on the issues that the public finds "pertinent and fascinating"—such as whether the press should print everything it knows. "Some journalists feel that because of the First Amendment they couldn't possibly be accountable to anyone," says Griffith. "That position is nice to hold, but an awful lot of people are very critical of the press and want it to feel more responsible for what it does. This intersection of debate is fundamentally what I'll be writing about."

### NEWSWATCHER GRIFFITH

A familiar figure around Time Inc. since 1943, Griffith used to be a writer, senior editor and assistant managing editor at TIME. In 1959, he wrote *The Waist-High Culture*, an analysis of such ills of American society as materialism and the decline of excellence. Later he became senior staff editor for all Time Inc. publications and editor of LIFE. Now, in addition to writing "Newswatch" and TIME Essays, he contributes frequently to FORTUNE and the *Atlantic Monthly*.

"Some columns of 'Newswatch,' I expect, will be angry at particular press performances," says Griffith. "Other pieces will examine why the press had to do what it did." Whatever the approach, Griffith hopes that the result for his readers will be an enlivened interest in the ways of the newsgathering world. As Martin Arnold, who was then covering the press for the New York *Times*, noted in his review of *How True*, Griffith "succeeds admirably in making the reader think about journalism."

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Photograph by Catherine LeRoy—Gamma Liaison shows Moslem soldier and slain Christian militiaman.

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readers thrive on variety—from gossip to government. And when your ad is seen in this desirable setting, it's "handsomer" (that pun was intended). If you can't sell it in Parade, we'd like to know why. Call (312) 346-5440 collect, and find out what you're missing.

Parade. It's not very heavy, but it carries a lot of weight.

### **PARADE**

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And the legendary cup of Beowulf.

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Lost for centuries.

Until, many years ago, a legendary Gaelic Chieftain's seven hundred year old recipe for the essence of mead passed into our hands.

The result is Irish Mist.

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It is neither sweet and sticky.

Nor is it strong

and fiery.

But the perfect balance of potency, good taste and bouquet you'd expect from man's first natural spirit.

Imported Irish Mist.

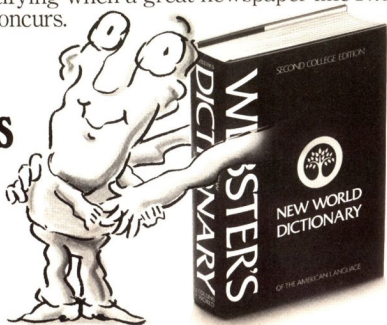
Rediscover it.

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to grok it.**



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\*"Grok"? It's there. Means "to understand thoroughly because of having empathy with."

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## You Really Did It This Time!

To the Editors:

Your cover story, "American Chic in Fashion" [March 22], threw me into a dilemma: the uncover number on the cover or new thermal underwear from Sears. I went with Sears again.

(Mrs.) Doris Ward  
Haines, Alaska

Model Carol Gustafson turned women black with envy and men red with hot flushes. You really did it this time!

Gina G. Javier  
San Jose, Calif.

Your cover girl has about as much chic as a plucked chicken.

(Mrs.) Winifred Newman  
Winnipeg, Canada



Your cover did more to revive my 59-year-old arteries than anything else in recent memory.

Philip Schacca  
West Hempstead, N.Y.

A more apt title for your cover picture would have been "Current American Vulgarity." I feel the way I would if one of my oldest friends suddenly and leeringly exposed himself at a party.

Sally Phillips  
New York City

Your cover had to increase TIME's circulation. It did mine!

Willbur J. Peak  
Geneva, Ill.

Are you quite sure that is an authentic De la Renta gown that Nancy Kissinger is pictured in? I swear it is the same dress my mother wore to her junior prom in Hoboken.

Kurt Gravenhorst  
Los Altos Hills, Calif.

Your article says that today's clothes are a "sound investment at almost any price." Baloney!

The only sound clothing investment I know of is a pair of Levi's and a home-made shirt.

Diane Barton  
Aurora, Colo.

Just who do you think you are? Do you realize that you have just taken ten giant leaps backward in the struggle of women to be recognized as persons? Please confine yourselves to issues you can handle.

Denise Jensen  
Iowa City, Iowa

It's about time our designers were recognized for knowledge, creativity, flair, beauty and good taste. TIME has praised something all American women have known for years.

Della Chodach  
Cincinnati

Clothes for maniacs or Martians, not women.

Lisa Sue  
Pittsburgh

Designers refuse to learn that not all women are flat reared, flat chested, six feet tall and weigh 95 lbs. Millions of us are five-foot-two, weigh 110 lbs. and have 34-24-34 measurements.

Elizabeth Kolezar  
Tulsa, Okla.

Undoubtedly, an army of concerned mothers, irate women's liberationists, shocked clergymen, and uncloseted homosexuals will flock to assail the moral and ethical character of TIME for having the audacity to publish this cover.

Scott Buehner  
Garden Grove, Calif.

We have enough magazines already that have fallen into the "lair of lasciviousness."

James L. Wing  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Claptrap.

Marcelle D. Bonzagni  
Woolwich, Me.

### Moving On

The poor were not in evidence among the 2.5 million people on the move [March 15] last year. They remain trapped in ghettos collecting their checks.

If we federalized and equalized transfer payments, they would be free to migrate toward the lower living costs,

jobs and more equitable climes the big city does not provide.

Harry Weese  
Chicago

You failed to mention court-imposed busing as one of the reasons that thousands are fleeing the cities. I now drive twice the distance to work each day, consume twice as much gasoline, and I'm twice as angry.

John M. Cinnamond  
Crestwood, Ky.

Political Analyst Richard Scammon was quoted by Lance Morrow: "We have expanded the area in which civilized people can live."

To imply that television, community colleges and airports are necessary to support civilized people implies that neither Socrates nor Thomas Jefferson was civilized.

Robert J. Cosgrove  
West Lafayette, Ind.

A chart shows Seattle second only to New York in living costs. That ranking is incorrect. Far from being second most expensive of the cities on the TIME chart, Seattle, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, ranks tenth.

Wes Uhlman, Mayor  
Seattle

### The South Shall Rise Again

It is kind of nice that Jimmy Carter is doing well in the primaries [March 22]. It sort of indicates that the Civil War is finally over.

Robert Holdorf  
Milwaukee

The stampede for the presidency by Frank, George, Jimmy, Hubert, Sargent, Ronnie, Jerry *et al.* reminds me of the words of Abraham Lincoln, who said that there is one sickness for which there is no cure and that is "presidential fever."

Evelyn Givant  
Berkeley, Calif.

### Happy Dog Days

I certainly hope that by the time I am Mrs. Ford's age I'll have had at least one day that is happier than the day my dog had puppies [March 22].

Kate Johnson  
McLean, Va.

### Heading for a Fall

If the world really cares to read about Lord George-Brown taking a tumble [March 22], as well as our President's occasional stumble, surely the toppling of a 27-year-old secretary from Houston will be considered newsworthy. I am



# Wang happens to make a better small computer than IBM.

The Wang 2200 computer versus the IBM 5100 computer. When you make a few simple comparisons, you'll find there simply is no comparison.

First, we cost \$3,575\* less.

On peripherals, we win again: 35 to 3.

Our 9" diagonal CRT is to their 5" diagonal screen as cinemascope is to a picture postcard.

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The Wang 2200 processes BASIC programs up to four times faster. And tests show their machine uses up to twice the memory for an identical program.

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Wang has been producing desk top computers since 1967. IBM introduced the 5100 in September, 1975.

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**We happen to make a better small computer than IBM.**

# You are invited to relive the year they invented the United States.

*It's 1789. For the first time, we have a Constitution, a Supreme Court, a Cabinet. The Bill of Rights has just passed. The French Revolution has just begun. President Washington is living like a king...*

Return with TIME to America the way it really was back when the great experiment called the United States was just beginning. Read about those momentous events... as if TIME had been there to report them.

## **TIME's new Bicentennial Issue.**

Last May, TIME brought out the first of its Bicentennial Special Issues—reporting the week of July 4, 1776. It was an instant sellout and went on to become the most popular issue in TIME's history.

This May, TIME will publish another Bicentennial Special—TIME for the week of Sept. 26, 1789.

That was the year we were putting together a nation. The new Constitution became law. Washington took office as the first President. Our institutions and traditions were being invented from scratch. Just this week (as TIME reports it), Washington appointed his first Cabinet, and the Bill of Rights—guaranteeing the freedoms we've enjoyed for two centuries—was passed.

## **Is Washington acting like King George?**

TIME reports the whole world of 1789 in all its regular departments—Nation, World, Business, Modern Living, Art, Science, Books, People, Medicine, Sports, etc.

There are complaints that the brand-new President is living too royally. (52 dozen bottles of fine wine for a recent dinner!) A lot of people want the capital moved out of New York—maybe to Philadelphia, Annapolis, or even to a swamp beside the Potomac. The country's first road maps have just been published. Another attempt to find a Northwest Passage to the Pacific has just failed.

## **Whatever happened to Benedict Arnold?**

Benedict Arnold has flopped in London and moved to New Brunswick where he's opened an office to handle Caribbean trade. News has arrived of a violent mutiny aboard the H.M.S. Bounty. The French—after the sensational storming of the Bastille—may be headed for full-scale revolution. Yankee and New York sea captains are competing fiercely for the China trade. John Paul Jones has quit the Russian navy and is looking for work in Warsaw. Old pamphleteer Tom Paine is peddling an iron bridge in Europe. Noah Webster is hard at work editing a dictionary, establishing new rules for an American language.

## **How can you get your copy?**

TIME for Sept. 26, 1789 is certain to become an immediate collector's item and a sellout at the newsstands.

It will be sent to all active TIME subscribers as part of their regular subscriptions at the time of publication in May. So if your subscription is about to run out, make sure your renewal reaches us before April 30, 1976.

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Don't miss TIME for Sept. 26, 1789. It's sure to be one of the most entertaining and informative commemorations of the Bicentennial.

# Coming...TIME for the week of Sept. 26, 1789.

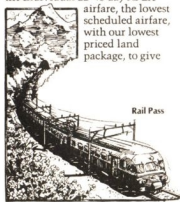
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#### FORUM

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Linda Burt Gill  
Houston

#### Prove or Perish

I was interested in reading your American Notes item on Colorado's "sunset laws" [March 22].

The idea that regulatory agencies should have to justify their existence or go out of business is most commendable, but not novel. Congressman Abner J. Mikva and I have each introduced legislation to require major federal regulatory agencies to prove their worth or "self-destruct" within seven years.

Joseph R. Biden Jr.  
U.S. Senator, Delaware  
Washington, D.C.

#### Lemmon Aid

Your lambasting of Lemmon's performance in *The Entertainer* [March 15] was hitting a bit below the belt. I was fortunate enough to have seen Laurence Olivier enact the role of Archie Rice, and it was an incomparably flawless portrayal. But because Olivier is an impossible act to follow, does that mean that John Osborne's play must be buried in a time capsule for several generations, awaiting another Olivier?

Fleur Tamon  
San Antonio

#### IBM Doesn't Do It

Your article "The Big Payoff" [Feb. 23] correctly points out that IBM is among those companies that "are widely known for refusing to make payoffs."

However, elsewhere in the story, you report IBM and other U.S. corporations found their legal political contributions in Canada and Italy "embarrassing."

IBM initiated publicity last summer about IBM Canada's decision to forgo its legal practice of making political contributions (an average of \$36,000 per year in the past five years). This decision to halt these contributions was made because IBM Canada concluded that it was important for IBM to have a worldwide policy on this matter.

As for Italy, IBM Italy did not, and does not, make political contributions.

IBM's policy on political contributions, payoffs, bribes, or any other questionable payments is clear: we simply don't do it.

Frank T. Cary  
Chairman of the Board, IBM  
Armonk, N.Y.

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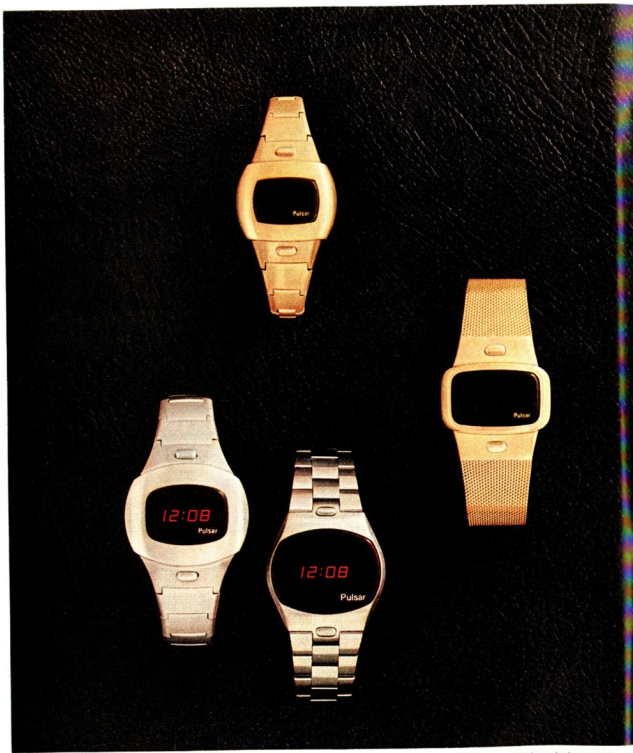


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## BICENTENNIAL

## A Happy 200th Birthday, Uncle Sam

Eighty-two years ago, when she was three, Alice Mason crossed the plains from Iowa to Kansas in a covered wagon. Last month she flew to Washington in a jet and, sitting in a wheelchair, made her way to the White House Rose Garden. There she gave Presidential Aide Theodore Marris a 27-in. by 36-in. tapestry depicting a proud American eagle. Mrs. Mason and eleven other residents of a Topeka nursing home had spent six weeks weaving the wall hanging. The work was their way of celebrating the Bicentennial, and they thought the President should have it.

With much the same idea, hundreds of other Americans—and non-Americans from Seoul, Korea, to the Isle of Man—have sent to the White House a remarkable assortment of gifts to mark the Bicentennial in personal, imaginative and warmly affectionate ways. More than 700 presents have arrived, ranging from expensive *objets d'art* crafted by professionals to projects lovingly sewn, knitted, hammered or stuck together by grade-school classes. The White House has made no attempt to encourage, or even publicize this totally spontaneous patriotic happening.

In addition to gifts, President Ford has received some 50,000 letters and cards from people expressing their love for and faith in the U.S. Says Milt Miller, the White House official in charge of handling the presents: "You read the letters and you have to be awfully jaundiced not to notice a resurgence of good feeling about the country."

A sampling of what Americans have been shipping to the White House appears on the opposite page, and a larger



SAMPLING OF MORE THAN 700 GIFTS SPONTANEOUSLY SENT TO THE WHITE HOUSE  
A resurgence of patriotism and good feeling about the country.

collection will be on display throughout the year at the Bicentennial Information Center, operated by the National Park Service, in the Commerce Department.

Fred D. Henderson, 48, a mold-maker in an Atlanta glass company, spent about 1,000 hours carving and engraving a Marlin rifle with the images of Abraham Lincoln, the Liberty Bell and such historical events as the Marines raising the flag at Iwo Jima and the astronauts exploring the moon. "We were just sitting around one evening and my wife said, 'Why don't you do something for the President?'" explains Henderson.

The outpouring of gifts has also produced eagles by the squadron, including one soaring on a handsome water-wash scroll painted by Mr. and Mrs. Chow Chian-chiu, who were born in China and now live in Miami. Members of Girl Scout Troop 208 in Richland Center, Wis., patiently spelled out on a 2½ ft. by 3 ft. board the entire Declaration of Independence—using tiny letters meant to go into vegetable soup.

President Ford has not personally accepted any of the gifts, but he has admired many and, in the case of one ambitious project, made a contribution—a tie clasp. The trinket will go into a 25-ton, 10½-ft.-tall

"Children's Freedom Bell" that the Jaycees of Pfafftown, N.C. (pop. 600), plan to cast and erect on an island in the Anacostia River, near Washington.

The gifts flowing into Washington are only a small part of the presents that are being made or projects that are being developed by citizens for display right at home. Thousands of quilts with patriotic motifs are being stitched together. At the Ohrenberger School in Boston, fifth-grade pupils made an impressive mural entitled *The Battle of Bunker Hill*, which included the flames soaring over Charlestown and ranks of redcoats advancing on the Americans.

**Pioneer Skills.** One of the most ambitious presents from Americans to themselves is being constructed near Kent, Wash., by the students, parents and staff of the Park Orchard Elementary School. They are recreating two pioneer log cabins, plus a log barn, an amphitheater and an Indian village. Some parents come off their night-shift jobs and go right to work on the project. When completed—July 4th is the target date—the complex will be used for teaching pioneer skills, such as butter making and weaving. Says Principal James Hasz: "It's been fantastic to see this catch the imagination of people, to see them cutting trees in winter snow and sleet, putting in long hours to build something that will be for everybody."

Top row: Model of the U.S.S. Constitution ("Old Ironsides") presented to the White House by James Williams, Ely, Minn.; Revolutionary War soldiers, made from clothespins, given by Mrs. Lloyd Harter, Portland, Ore.; needlepoint tapestry, donated by the American Farm Bureau Federation; Marlin rifle, engraved and carved with historical scenes, by Fred D. Henderson, Atlanta. Bottom row: Ceramic eagle, sculpted by West Germany's Gunther Granget, flies in front of a flag crocheted by Alma Calderone, Alliance, Ohio; papier-mâché Betsy Ross, donated by the V.F.W. Ladies Auxiliary, Merrimack, N.H.; ceramic Uncle Sam mug given by Millard Preisch, North Tonawanda, N.Y.; glazed metal buckle from Alan J. Hides, Belmont, Calif.; hand-painted ceramic tumbler, made by Mrs. Charlotte Bailey, Jonesboro, La.

## DEFENSE

# Now Congress Backs the Pentagon

In his spartan office on Capitol Hill, Democratic Congressman Jim Lloyd of California scanned a letter from seven liberal colleagues last week. They urged him to support their drive to reduce sharply President Ford's proposed all-time high (\$113.3 billion) defense budget for fiscal 1977. With no hesitation, Lloyd took a felt-tipped pen and scrawled a bold, red NO across the top

no hawk, mind you. But there has been an increase in the Soviet capacity to wage war. One on one we are still better. But Americans, including myself, perceive a lessening of our international influence. I want this nation strong. I want sophisticated weapons in the hands of our troops."

Lloyd's transformation reflects a sea change in Congress's attitude toward the Pentagon budget. In recent months, would-be budget cutters have been overwhelmed by rapidly rising support for giving the Pentagon almost anything it wants. Says Republican Representative William Cohen of Maine: "The whole atmosphere has changed."

The hostility toward the military that grew out of the Viet Nam War has ebbed. At the same time, Congressmen, like their constituents, have become suspicious of the Soviets. Among the reasons: the accelerating Russian arms buildup, Soviet intervention in Angola and stagnation of the SALT talks to limit nuclear weapons. Complaints Robert Sherman, an aide to two congressional critics of the Pentagon: "The

go into this election with the idea afoot that he's against national defense."

As a result, the House Budget Committee last week rebelled against its chairman, Democrat Brock Adams of Washington, who wanted to reduce Ford's Pentagon budget by \$5.6 billion. Sensing opposition, Adams changed his proposal to \$3.3 billion. Even so, the committee voted against him and set a total of \$112 billion, a mere \$1.3 billion less than Ford sought. The same day the Senate Budget Committee agreed on a military budget of \$113 billion. Both committees have authority only to recommend overall ceilings for military spending to Congress; the actual reduction will be left to the House and Senate Armed Services and Appropriations committees. But those committees have already indicated that they want to cut little or nothing from Ford's request.

The full House this week begins debating the defense procurement budget, which is money earmarked for research, development and purchase of new weapons. The House Armed Services Committee has urged that the House authorize \$700 million more than the \$32.7 billion sought by the Pentagon. Most of the extra money would be spent on more nuclear-powered ships for the Navy, including an additional Trident submarine (total authorization for two of the subs in this budget: \$1.5 billion), another attack submarine and seed money to begin construction of a supercarrier and a strike cruiser.

The committee approved three other major weapons programs:

- \$1.5 billion for the first three production models of the supersonic B-1 bomber. Ultimately the Air Force plans to buy 244 B-1s to replace the aging B-52 bomber fleet.

- \$179.2 million for jet-propelled cruise missiles, which are an updated version of Germany's World War II buzz bombs. Launched from ships or planes, they can fly 2,000 miles, hugging the ground to escape radar detection.

- \$858.9 million for new weapons to improve close air support of U.S. ground forces. The total includes \$128.9 million for 82 Cobra helicopters equipped with antitank missiles, \$112.1 million for development of a new attack helicopter and \$617.8 million for 100 A-10 light bombers.

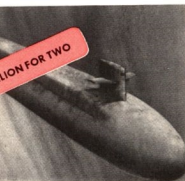
Critics of the Pentagon have prepared at least four amendments to eliminate, cut or postpone some parts of the procurement bill. They argue that many of the new weapons will provide too little defense at too much cost. For example, Wisconsin Democrat Les Aspin maintains that the shipbuilding program will mean spending "enormous sums to buy a very limited number of relatively vulnerable, high-value targets." But the tide is against the budget cutters, and Gerald Ford will probably be the first President since Lyndon Johnson in 1966 to get just about all he wants from Congress for the Pentagon.



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B-1 BOMBER IN FLIGHT



ARTIST'S VERSION OF TRIDENT SUB

of the letter, then underscored the word three times for emphasis.

Thus, Lloyd served notice that he is no longer the dove on the House Armed Services Committee who helped persuade Congress last year to cut \$7.8 billion from the Pentagon's fiscal 1976 budget request; the 8% reduction (to a final budget of \$90.5 billion) was the largest since 1953. This year Lloyd and many other members of Congress have become Pentagon converts. Says he: "I am

House has been hopelessly spooked."

But Majority Leader Thomas ("Tip") O'Neill believes there is good reason for the changed mood. Says he: "There's an overall feeling that the world is a tinder box. We all know that we are not as strong as we used to be. The Navy is obsolete. We've neglected conventional weaponry. The feeling in Congress is that our equipment is worn out, and we better get it ready."

The public is beginning to share that belief. A Gallup Poll last month reported that only 36% of those polled thought that too much was being spent on defense, down from 44% in September 1974. The growing worries about U.S. military strength have been skillfully exploited by Ronald Reagan, who has caustically attacked Ford's defense policies (see story page 19). For his part, Ford has adopted "peace through strength" as his campaign slogan and promised last week to take the unprecedented step of vetoing any Pentagon budget that is much lower than what he has proposed. Senators and Representatives expect a similar debate over defense in their own campaigns. Says Democratic Representative Richard Bolling of Missouri: "No one wants to

## DEMOCRATS

## Humphrey: The Juices Are Moving

For months he had been studiously neutral and quietly hoping, but last week Hubert Humphrey started making some moves to help his own chances in the Democratic race. TIME National Political Correspondent Robert Ajemian traveled with Humphrey and sent this report:

Hubert Humphrey, a man whose future plans have a lot of people guessing, walked jauntily into Manhattan's 21 Club one night last week and had a hard time making his way toward a table. People stopped him along the way, shaking his hand, wishing him well. He was the center of attention and, as always, it pleased him. When he finally sat down, his host, Publisher Jerry Finkelstein, an influential local Democrat, leaned over and commented on this impromptu reception, telling Humphrey that he is by far the most popular Democrat in the state. "I made one mistake, Jerry," Humphrey said in a candid response. "I should have entered this primary. New York is where I could have shown my strength."

**Risky Course.** The remark was one sign of Humphrey's uncomfortable realization that he is now at the mercy of events that he did not count on. His hopes of becoming the Democratic candidate without running in the primaries were in serious danger.

Determined not to go through another punishing primary campaign, Humphrey had been relaxed with his decision to stay out of more battles. It had always been a somewhat risky course, but it also had seemed to be good strategy. The less eager Humphrey appeared, the more popular he became. Politicians spoke knowingly of a deadlocked convention with Humphrey as the ultimate candidate.

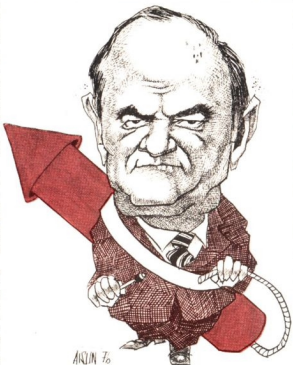
Jimmy Carter changed all that. As he began winning primaries, Humphrey's serene life became turbulent. After Carter took New Hampshire, labor leaders started urging Humphrey to enter the race. After the Massachusetts primary, the liberals began calling. After Carter won Florida, Illinois and North Carolina, everybody called: Governors, Congressmen, party leaders. When the polls showed Carter pulling even with Humphrey, the phone almost rang off the hook. Says Dave Gartner, Humphrey's top aide: "We've got a thousand campaign managers out there."

Humphrey watched the Carter gains with increasing discomfort. It didn't help when Carter had a press confer-

ence and called the Senator too old and a loser and even untruthful. So last week Humphrey began to edge out from behind his "non-candidacy."

He flew into Wisconsin, where Mo Udall's campaign against Carter seemed to be lagging and close friends report Humphrey agreed they should support the Arizonan. He was unable to resist flying into New York where he gave an exhilarating speech to a conference of U.S. mayors, overshadowing earlier appearances by Carter, Udall and Scoop Jackson.

Then he made two moves, one abor-



tive, the other surprisingly bold. Viewed together they illuminate his dilemma. The first began when he got a call from a key ally in New York. In the Buffalo area, powerful Erie County Chairman Joseph Crangle had entered three uncommitted "pro-Humphrey" slates in the primary. Crangle warned Humphrey that they were in danger of losing to Carter slates and asked the Senator to make a trip to Buffalo to whip up local enthusiasm. After thinking it over carefully, Humphrey decided to go.

But Jackson's campaign managers heard about it and in a rage called the Humphrey staff. When that didn't bring any results, Jackson phoned Humphrey and complained. "The problem," says one Humphrey adviser, "is not to undercut Jackson. We want him to hold

off Carter." Humphrey canceled the trip.

The second move was far more daring—and potentially dangerous. "But his juices are moving now," says one of his team. Humphrey's office gathered a list of names in search of a person to lead a drive for delegates all over the country. The man who is to do the job—though indeed the whole plan could be dropped if it causes a flap—is Robert Short, a fellow Minnesotan who was treasurer of the Democratic National Committee during Humphrey's 1968 presidential campaign. Short, a trucking millionaire who used to own the Washington Senators, is considered by some to be too politically unsavvy for such a big undertaking. "It's the old woodwork problem," says one Washington veteran.

"Hubert takes on these hometown types who are not heavyweights."

**Stay Uncommitted.** Short would do the hard work, the plan goes, but that bald fact would be obscured somewhat by two big-name Minnesota supporters, Governor Wendell Anderson and Senator Walter Mondale, who would be co-chairmen of the committee. They are ready, if Humphrey gives the word, to start work at the end of this month, at the latest. The objective: to deliver a clear message to party leaders and delegates around the country to stay uncommitted until the convention—because Humphrey means business. "There is a fear," says one Humphrey backer, "that this might be seen strictly as an anti-Carter operation. That would be awful because it's really not Humphrey's position. He wants to keep things open if he still can."

Humphrey has been puzzled by Carter's recent attacks. Riding in a plane from Wisconsin to Washington, he talked about the Georgian, a man much on his mind these days: "I think it's foolish, sort of dumb, for him to say things like that about me. He may need me later on."

"He's developed a mystique about him," he said. "There are certain things I like about Carter. He is full of confidence. And the fact that he is a Southerner works to his advantage the same way that Catholicism turned into an advantage for Kennedy. People react against prejudice."

Then, looking out the window, he said: "Maybe I should have gone into this thing earlier." But he quickly caught himself. "I made my decision not to enter these primaries," he added emphatically, as if he were taking himself in hand. "I'm not going to change now. I've got a peace of mind I never had before, no matter what happens to me."

## Three Candidates on the Run

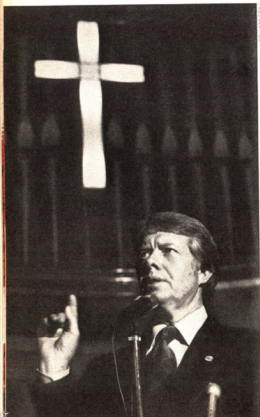
*Lonely long-distance runners, the three major Democratic candidates face a daunting schedule ahead—if they stay the course. After this week's New York and Wisconsin primaries, it will be on to Arizona and Missouri and then to the greatly important Pennsylvania contest at month's end. In May, provided stamina, money and voter support hold out, the challengers will struggle through 16 primaries. A sample of life on the high-hurdled campaign trail is given in the following reports by TIME Correspondents Stanley Cloud, on Jimmy Carter; Bonnie Angelo, on Morris Udall; and Angelo and Roland Flamini, on Henry Jackson.*

### Carter: The Deacon

After a hard day of campaigning in Wisconsin, Jimmy Carter traveled to upstate New York and settled into bed before midnight at the Tudor-style house of Lawyer Gerald Fincke and Wife Pat in Rochester. Carter tries to stay in private homes when campaigning, to save hotel bills and cultivate his grass-roots support. As usual, he opened his New Testament, which he is now reading in Spanish in order to brush up on the language. This night he read Chapter 8 of *II Corinthians*: "We aim at what is honorable not only in the Lord's sight but also in the sight of men." Only after a few minutes of pondering what he had read did Carter go to sleep.

Next morning he arose at 6, and, typically, made his bed, carefully smoothing out the blankets as he was

CARTER SPEAKING IN BUFFALO CHURCH



taught while a midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy. Then, shaved, showered and dressed, he stepped into a waiting Plymouth sedan to begin yet another day of campaigning.

The first stop, at 7 a.m., was the studios of television station WHEC, where Eddie Meath, a local talk-show personality, asked if Carter used pep pills to keep going. Carter, a Baptist deacon who has sworn off even his occasional Scotch-and-soda during the campaign, smiled and said no. By 9:15, he had met with a group of would-be New York delegates in the Genesee Room of the Americana Hotel, talked with local civic leaders in the Corinthian Room, addressed a \$10-a-plate breakfast in the main ballroom (he netted \$500) and convened a press conference.

When reporters scurried to file their stories, Carter chatted privately for 30 minutes with Pittsburgh Mayor Pete Flaherty, who had flown to Rochester specifically for the meeting. Later Flaherty would declare his support for Carter in Pennsylvania's April 27 primary.

At mid-morning Carter was on his way to a senior citizens' center and then to St. Simon's Episcopal Church in a black neighborhood. Then off to Buffalo for lunch with a group of uncommitted candidates for convention delegate: a TV interview with NBC's John Hart on Carter's religious beliefs (Carter says that he thinks about God or prays about 25 times a day, but adds: "I have never in my life said a prayer asking God to let me succeed... but I do ask God to help me do the right thing"); and a news conference. Carter told the reporters that he could not give full details of his proposal to reform taxes by eliminating most deductions and taxing "all income the same" until after he was in the White House. Later, as Carter settled into his car, Press Secretary Jody Powell thrust his head through the window. Said he: "I think you made a mistake. In the past, you've said you would fill in the details of your tax proposal after the convention, not after you were in the White House." Replied Carter: "That's right. I'll give details after the convention, but it's unrealistic to expect a fully comprehensive tax proposal then." "O.K., I understand," said Powell a little uncertainly.



JACKSON MAKING FRIENDS IN NEW YORK

That night, after dining privately with a small group of potential backers at a Holiday Inn, Carter took commercial flights to Washington and then on to Atlanta. Finally, by a chartered twin-engine Cessna, he flew 110 miles south to Americus and drove to his home town of Plains, arriving at nearly 2 a.m. He had been going for almost 20 hours. Wife Rosalynn had returned to Plains only a few hours earlier, having completed a separate campaign swing of her own to Kentucky. As he fell into bed that night, Jimmy Carter might have been forgiven by God and man if he had left his Bible in his suitcase and gone immediately to sleep. But he opened it again to *II Corinthians* and read from Chapter 9: "He who sows sparingly will also reap sparingly, and he who sows bountifully will also reap bountifully."

### Jackson: The Tiger

"I've got a bit of the tiger in me—I don't let go." Scoop Jackson's detractors might regard the mule as more appropriate imagery, but there is no disputing that he does not let go—or let up—in his pursuit of the presidency. While there is a persuadable voter within voice range, Jackson campaigns.

Late at night, he will at last disappear into a hotel suite and munch on steak and salad with two or, at most, three close aides (Jackson rules out most dinner appearances as too time-consuming). Then, tucking a magazine or position paper under his arm, he will trundle to bed, reappearing at 6 a.m. to breakfast—preferably alone—on tea, prune juice and bran with skim milk, and to read the morning newspapers. To avoid Jackson's grumbling about the outrageous cost of room service, aides bring in coffee-making machines and

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reduces many of the things that can make smoke rough-tasting.  
And delivers only pure pleasure, all day  
long. Chances are the Third Cigarette is  
the one you can stay with.

King Size & Extra Long

# THE THIRD CIGARETTE



**Tastes rich but not rough.  
Tastes smooth but not weak.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Extra Long: 19 mg.  
"tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Report (Nov. '75).

## THE NATION

hot-water brewers as well as juice and boxes of cereal. Before his public day begins, Jackson outlines strategy with his advisers. "I'm a morning person," he explains. "I tend to get a little short with people late in the day." The Jackson retinue, always small, generally travels via commercial airline—economy class. His wife Helen rarely goes along with him, but he phones her and their two young children daily, and recently broke off campaigning to fly home and help Son Peter celebrate his ninth birthday.

Jackson runs his own campaign as much as any other candidate does. He chooses his issues, decides how much to spend where and for what. Explains an aide: "He was single until he was 50, and he became very self-reliant." He interrupted a busy campaign day recently to preview personally seven commercials prepared by his TV experts. He approved six, rejected one (too anti-Carter). When aides reportedly urged him not to add \$100,000 to his TV budget for New York, leaving more available for Pennsylvania, Jackson weighed the arguments—then ordered the money spent in New York. When Robert Keefe, his chief political aide, brought up the question of whether to contest an Ohio delegate slate pledged to curmudgeonly Congressman Wayne Hays, Jackson gave the answer: no.

Self-conscious about his inbred seriousness, Jackson tries hard to shed some of his stuffiness. Piling off a plane, he orders the press: "Everybody onto the bus. We're going to be true liberals and force busing."

Since establishing himself as a possible nominee by winning his first-ever primary victory in Massachusetts, he has begun to feel some of the heat that had concentrated on Jimmy Carter. Jackson's old declaration that he would accept George Wallace as a running mate "if he were the choice of the convention" is being thrown up to him—and he is denying that he ever said it. (But he did—on Feb. 14, 1974, in Huntsville, Ala.) A Jackson comment in Wisconsin was interpreted as favoring U.S. military action in Lebanon, and Carter accused him of "warlike" tendencies; Jackson hedged at subsequent stops.

National Gallup and Harris polls last week showed Jackson trailing far behind Carter and Hubert Humphrey, but he remains outwardly confident that his vote-pulling power in the large industrial states will win him the nomination and election. That remains to be seen. But Jackson supporters and foes agree that until and if the tiger in him is defanged, he won't let go.



MO UDALL & WIFE ELLA ON FLIGHT TO MILWAUKEE

## Udall: The Sage

More than any other presidential candidate, Mo Udall has—and retains—a sense of humor. At a hey-look-him-over party for liberals at Arthur Schlesinger's Manhattan town house, Udall tried to reassure skeptics on his switch from describing himself as a liberal to the more cautious "progressive." Said Udall: "It's like the law professor who asked a student, 'What's the difference between fornication and adultery?' The student replied, 'Well, I've tried them both, and I can't tell the difference.'" In Wisconsin, when asked if he would accept the No. 2 spot on the ticket, Udall quipped: "I'm against vice in every form, including the vice presidency." Given the heavy pressures upon him, it is remarkable that Udall can keep his wit—and his wits. One typical 24-hour period last week went this way:

Telescoping the whole tired 6 ft. 5 in. of himself into a DC-3 seat tailored to Mickey Rooney, he shuts out the day's string of hassles. As the old plane lumbers from Buffalo toward Milwaukee and morning, it is more important to sleep. One day has ended and another begun; there is no clear line of demarcation in the Udall campaign. His schedulers leave their candidate only brief respites in the 24-hour cycle.

On this flight, the candidate, wrapped in a tan blanket, sleeps through flashbulbs as photographers intrude. The day had been rough. He had made appearances in ten different locations in New York, some of them rousing successes, others total flops. He had started out at Manhattan's Pennsylvania Station at 8 a.m., accosting commuters single-mindedly on their way to work. He had courted Jewish voters, though

he knew their hearts were with Scoop Jackson; he had been cheered by students, who he knew were his own. Twice he had been attacked by radicals shouting "Fascist!" His motorcade had suffered the ignominy of a flat tire on the Grand Central Parkway. In the afternoon, he flew to Buffalo.

Then the final indignity. His chartered airplane, replete with chandelier and elegant trappings from its days in the service of Mexico's President Luis Echeverria, had been sold without warning. His harried staff chartered a venerable DC-3, hardly posh, and at last his battered entourage trooped aboard—his Secret Service detail, two aides, a contingent of growling press, and his brightly resilient wife Ella. It may be the jet age for everybody else, but for the Udall campaign it was four hours from Buffalo to Milwaukee.

A flight not aided by head winds, the ministrations of a glum stewardess and a pilot whose name, discomfitingly, was Slaughter.

A normal human being might have checked into a local hotel rather than undergo all of this. But a candidate is not a normal human being. Even so calm and modest a candidate as Mo Udall is, after all, still a creature possessed by the vision of the White House just over the next state line.

**Two Strikes.** On his Wisconsin journey, Udall pursued labor support into smoky clubrooms, promising jobs. Emphasizing his commitment to transportation and environmental issues, he turned up at an abandoned ferry slip on Lake Michigan and also at a solid-waste recycling plant. What if a mere 20 voters were present to hear him at the lake? The scene made a good photo, and perhaps a television correspondent would get it onto network news.

Once in a while, even the most eventful campaign rebels. Udall asked to skip a stop at one of Milwaukee's Red Carpet bowling alleys, where he had been only the week before. "But, Mo," whispered an earnest young aide, "this time the local television will be there." Udall sighed. "Of all the bowling alleys in Wisconsin, do we have to pick the same one twice?" But he went. And bowled. And got two strikes in a row—on television, of course.

In these days of perpetual motion (Ella Udall recently put in one 23-hour stretch), the candidate spends little time with his top staff back at headquarters. He protests that even Sundays have become campaign days. Says his ruffled press secretary, Richard Stout: "Mo likes to think." But on the campaign trail, there are few minutes left for thinking.



# "Unbelievable."

## **What would you say about a small sedan with the style of a fine European road car?**

A small sedan with classic lines, a broad expanse of glass, a roomy interior that seats six comfortably and a long list of options including power seats, power windows, electric door locks, and automatic speed control. Very classy, indeed!

## **What would you say about a small sedan with a ride that rivals that of a full-sized car?**

Aspen does it again! With a unique Isolated Transverse Suspension. It's rubber-isolated to reduce the noise and vibration transmitted to the passenger compartment. To give Aspen the comfortable ride you usually find in bigger cars.

## **What would you say about a small sedan with a small price that starts at only \$3,371?**

That's the manufacturer's suggested retail price for the base Aspen sedan (not shown), excluding state and local

taxes, destination charge, and optional equipment, if any. The Aspen SE, pictured above, starts at just \$4,400. That price includes an automatic transmission, power steering, a full vinyl roof, soft vinyl-upholstered 60/40 seats with recliners and center armrest, an electric clock, and much more. That's what I call affordable.

## **What would you say about a small sedan that got an EPA estimated mileage of 27 MPG highway and 18 MPG city?**

According to EPA estimated mileage results, the Aspen sedan and coupe got 27 MPG on the highway and 18 city. The wagon got 30 MPG highway and 18 city. All were equipped with a 225 Six and manual transmission. (Your actual mileage may differ, depending on your driving habits, the condition of your car, and optional equipment. In California, see your Dealer for mileage results.) Bravo, Aspen!



# ASPEN

The new Dodge Aspen.  
For a small car at a small price,  
it's unbelievable.

Winner of the 1976  
Motor Trend Magazine  
Car of the Year Award.



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## We don't cook up surprises.

We don't make wild promises about our restaurants. Just that you'll get a tasty, nourishing meal (58), presented appetizingly (59). Our meats, vegetables and desserts are top quality

(60) and will be served the way you ordered them. 7 other restaurant regu-



lations (61-67) mean you get good food and prompt service in clean surroundings. We are very finicky about our glasses and silverware and tables and restrooms, even our kitchen floors. Everything.

## Service without surprises.

Is it possible that no one would ever be surprised by anything in a Holiday Inn room or restaurant? Our Innkeepers and Food and Beverage Managers are going to try. They are required to know our rules inside out (68). Each is a graduate of extensive training at the multi-million-dollar Holiday Inn University (69) and is required to take refresher courses every year. Holiday Inn employees receive specialized training too. They've got 12 rules of their own to live up to (70-81). Including being well-groomed and courteous and offering you at least 14 hours of continuous room service daily, and being able to refer you to a baby sitter or a dentist or a doctor quickly.



## Don't look for surprises in our lobby.

They're tough to come by. Our lobbies are neat and uncluttered (82) with plenty of helpful information from an area map and schedules (83) to brochures on attractions (84). There's even a church directory (85). Plus six other standards (86-91) that deal only with keeping the lobby clean, comfortable and safe.

## Some other things that won't surprise you.

Free Holiday Inn swimming pools (92) are well-maintained (93-96). And we have standards that cover things like hallways, mechanical rooms, and storage rooms (97-99).

There are 13 more standards (100-112) that cover miscellaneous items, from housekeeping supplies to parking space to security.

## Our unsurprising prices.

We offer reasonable rates and we stick to them. 3 regulations (113-115) assure that. We also guarantee the



American Express Card will be welcomed for payment of your room and meals.

So don't leave home without it. If you don't already have an American Express Card, there's an application in every Holiday Inn room. And children under 12, when they're in the same room as their parents and require no rollaway beds, are always free.

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Stay with us soon. And give us a chance not to surprise you.



## Holiday Inn®

# the best surprise is no surprise.

## REPUBLICANS

# Reagan on the Offensive

"It would be funny," said Johnny Carson, "if he turned out to be NBC's only hit." Carson was referring to Ronald Reagan, whose speech last week was a moderate success, as speeches go.

According to a Nielsen rating, Reagan drew 17% of the national audience that had its sets on that night, running well behind *The Blue Knight* on CBS (33%) and ABC's *Starsky and Hutch* (43%). Even so, 13 million people saw some or all of a blistering attack on a Republican Administration by a leading Republican. Responding to an appeal for funds, viewers began sending in pledges that Reagan's men predicted would total "substantially" more than the \$110,000 cost of the entire venture.

Desperate to survive cruel April, when he stands to lose big to Gerald Ford in New York, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania, Reagan persuaded NBC to sell him a half-hour of prime time after the other two networks had turned him down. To make room, NBC pre-empted one of its turkeys, *The Dumbbells*. Reagan spent twelve hours polishing several drafts and five hours taping the show at a Hollywood commercial studio.

**Train Talk.** Reagan raced through his old standard speech, which he had honed with some new sarcastic edges. He accused President Ford of being soft on inflation and Big Government spending, noting that "it took this nation 166 years, until the middle of World War II, to finally accumulate a debt of \$95 billion. It took the Administration just the last twelve months to add \$95 billion to the debt."

Reagan's real assault, however, was launched against the Administration's

military and foreign policies. "The evidence mounts," he declared, "that we are No. 2 in a world where it is dangerous, if not fatal, to be second best.... Peace does not come from weakness or retreat. It comes from restoration of American military superiority."

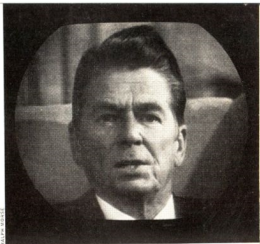
His most biting attacks were aimed at Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Reagan claimed that Kissinger has been quoted as saying that he "thinks of the U.S. as Athens and the Soviet Union as Sparta," and that "the day of the U.S. is past, and today is the day of the Soviet Union. My job is to negotiate the most acceptable second-best position available."

Reagan was paraphrasing quotes from a book, *Oh Watch*, by Retired Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt Jr., former Navy chief, which will be published in June. Zumwalt is running on the Democratic ticket for U.S. Senator in Virginia, and his platform consists largely of attacks on Kissinger. The admiral says that Kissinger made the statement to him on a train going to the 1970 Army-Navy football game in Philadelphia and again during a talk in 1972. Kissinger declined during an aide that the statement was "pure invention and totally irresponsible." The Secretary has often spoken pessimistically in private about the future of the West, but he has never gone this far, even in the Spenglerian depths of his despair. As for Zumwalt, he stood by his account of what Kissinger had told him.

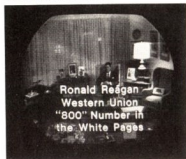
Reagan also attacked Helmut Sonnenfeldt, 49, Kissinger's acerbic, brilliant, right-hand man ("Kissinger's Kissinger") on East-West relations and arms control. He claimed that Sonnenfeldt, who is a German-born, hard-line anti-Communist, "has expressed the belief that in effect the captive nations [in Eastern Europe] should give up any claim of national sovereignty and simply become a part of the Soviet Union."

Reagan was inspired by press accounts of an off-the-record lecture Sonnenfeldt gave last December in London to Europe-based U.S. ambassadors. At the same meeting, Kissinger said that the U.S. favored maintaining a position of "stability" with Russia, one that would exclude Communists from power in Western Europe but would also acknowledge Moscow's influence in Eastern Europe (Yugoslavia excepted) as a fact of life.

Then Sonnenfeldt elaborated. Not only did he warn that any Soviet satellite's attempt to break away probably would be crushed by Moscow's power but such an uprising could "sooner or later explode, causing World War III." He added that greater freedom in Eastern European countries could improve the image of Communism and make it



ON TV & ASKING FOR FUNDS



easier for the party to elect candidates in Western Europe. Indeed, Sonnenfeldt and Kissinger do believe it is more important to exclude Communists from power in the West than it is to encourage liberals in the East. Two weeks ago, Kissinger told the House International Relations Committee that some of his aide's language had been "unfortunate."

**'An Outrage.'** TIME Washington Correspondent Strobe Talbott reports that "nothing in any version of Sonnenfeldt's remarks justified Reagan's charge that he had consigned the 'slaves' of Eastern Europe to 'become part of the Soviet Union.' U.S. policy toward Eastern Europe has not changed. While Sonnenfeldt is fearful of the effects of any abrupt move toward independence in the Soviet bloc nations, he insists that the heart of his own so-called doctrine is the notion of gradual liberalization in Eastern Europe. Says he: 'We want to get the Soviet Union to accept the process of greater autonomy for Eastern European countries without a repetition of [the Soviet clampdowns] in Hungary and Czechoslovakia.'"

Kissinger branded Reagan's remarks "an outrage." Ford said grimly that the speech was in many ways "misleading" and "inaccurate" and that the remarks attributed to Kissinger were "fabrication and invention." While not challenging Reagan's observation that the Soviets lead in conventional military forces, he noted that the U.S. has far more nuclear warheads and a 3-to-1 advantage in bombers.

Even so, the President's aides wor-



STATE DEPARTMENT'S SONNENFELDT  
Afraid of World War III.

## THE NATION

ry that the challenger's slashing attacks, while not depriving him of the nomination, could give the Democrats ammunition for later and thus harm Ford's election chances. They are apprehensive about a long period of divisiveness within the G.O.P.

Candidate Reagan pronounced himself pleased with Performer Reagan's showing on TV. Asked about President Ford's angry reaction to the program, the Republican challenger replied: "It seems we touched a nerve."

## THE CAMPAIGN

### They're Pinched

In San Francisco, a new campaign worker reached for a headquarters telephone—and found it was coin-operated. At another campaign office, an order for bumper stickers was held up until enough cash was on hand to pay for it. On one recent campaign flight from Milwaukee, "dinner aboard" meant beer and Fritos.

To compare spending this year with earlier, freewheeling election years, notably 1972, is like contrasting a Volkswagen with a Rolls-Royce. A little frugality is clearly in order—but not the cutoff of federal matching funds to candidates, which has sent several campaigns reeling and has all of them hurting. Most desperate is the plight of Democratic Rear-Runner Fred Harris. But more serious contenders for the nominations, such as Republican Ronald Reagan and Democrat Mo Udall, who failed to win early primary tests, are being severely handicapped.

**Simple Solution.** Their hand-to-mouth existence results partly from new federal laws that, politically speaking, make fat cats almost an extinct species by limiting political contributions to \$1,000 from each donor. More immediately responsible is congressional failure so far to rescue the Federal Election Commission from its court-imposed limbo. Under the new laws, the commission was to distribute federal funds to the candidates according to a simple formula: every dollar a candidate could raise in contributions of \$250 or less would be matched by the Federal Government. In January, the Supreme Court held that the commission could not constitutionally perform this function (which is reserved to the Executive Branch) as long as some of its members were appointed by Congress.

A simple solution would be for Congress to allow President Ford to appoint all of the commissioners. Bills passed by the House and Senate do that—but they also make other widely disputed revisions in the election law, including provisions limiting corporate and union efforts in fund raising. While conferees haggle over differences in the two bills, the presidential campaigners thirst for cash.



"Hit him again with the deodorant."

Sighs Udall's campaign administrative director Edward Coyle: "Money that comes in during the morning is spent by afternoon." Much the same is true of once flush Scoop Jackson. He has less than \$200,000 on hand. Jimmy Carter had only some \$25,000 in cash at last count and was living from week to week. Like other candidates, Carter is not broke—but he keeps an eye on the morning mail.

On the Republican side, Reagan has raised \$5.5 million, including \$1.6 million in matching funds, but he has spent virtually every penny of it. Last week he canceled his Boeing 727 charter plane because of the Government's delay in paying federal grants. He has a bid in for \$203,000 and will soon request \$300,000 more to match the money he raised privately in March and April. Even President Ford, who has raised \$7,724,033, including \$1,952,615 in federal matching grants, is waiting for the FEC to hand over another \$745,000 to which he is entitled.

With the federal spigot turned off, and only so many \$1,000 contributors to be found,\* candidates are resorting more and more to "events" to raise cash. Arlo Guthrie is arranging concerts in 22 cities to drum up \$250,000 for the faltering Harris campaign. Other candidates are relying on telethons, rock concerts, breakfasts and dinners to which they try to send their wives or children if they cannot attend themselves. Udall has forced himself to attend as many as three fund-raising parties a night despite being bone-weary from full days of campaigning.

Congress hopes to send a bill to President Ford next week restoring the flow of federal cash. Ford will be under great pressure to sign it. A veto would bring accusations that the President is trying to starve less affluent campaigners. In fact, it is a dilatory Congress that has brought about their present plight.

\*The law permits any citizen to spend as much money as he wishes to promote a candidacy—provided there is no collusion between contributor and candidate. Thus far no one has dared to take significant advantage of the provision—or the electorate's naivete.

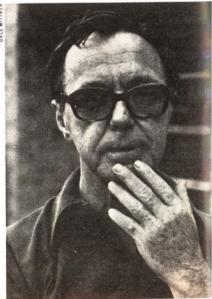
## CRIME

### A Forger Checked

In the entire spectrum of criminal specialties, from crude second-story work to deft embezzlement, none requires more patiently marshaled skills than those of consummate check forger. The practitioner must combine the nerve of a sugar-futures trader, the painstaking craftsmanship of a calligrapher and the face-to-face charm of a successful encyclopedia salesman. He must win people's trust in order to clean them out. Where other criminals can hope to muster enough luck to succeed, the passer of bum checks relies on finesse and self-confidence honed to fine arts.

One of the *maestros* of them all is an innocent-looking man of 50 who calls himself, among many aliases, Michael Leo Thompson. He has moved slightly less rubber than Malaysia. Authorities suspect that for most of the past 20 years in at least 26 states, he has cashed bad checks almost once a day, fleecing the credulous of close to \$1 million. Now Thompson's spectacular career has come to an end. When he tried to cash

"MICHAEL LEO THOMPSON" AFTER ARREST



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**WHAT IS SOUTHERN COMFORT?** It's a special kind of basic liquor. In Old New Orleans, a talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients to create this superb, unusually

smooth liquor, known today as Southern Comfort. Its formula is still a family secret, its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor. Try a bottle; see how good it tastes on-the-rocks, or in mixed drinks.

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a phony \$93.40 payroll check at a small hotel in Rantoul, Ill., the manager's wife grew suspicious and stalled him while her husband called police. Soon after, Thompson phoned his ex-wife Vera in Peoria from the Rantoul jail, and he almost sounded relieved: "Honey, I've finally been busted."

Thompson's *modus* was disarmingly simple. He usually worked towns with populations between 7,000 and 25,000, where he reckoned that people are more trusting than in street-wise big cities. Stores and gas stations in these towns often stock the blank counter checks of state banks, and he would simply go in and collect a clutch of such paper. Then with a shoe-box-sized checkwriting machine, he would imprint the amount of the check in a neat, official-looking script. The amounts were always the same: a small odd-dollar figure that seemed like a reasonable weekly wage. For years it was \$89.25; inflation recently obliged him to up it to \$93.40. Beneath the signature line he rubber-

stamped such phony firm names as Baynard Heating & Cooling or Tri-County Sheet Metal Works. He cashed checks at hotels and motels.

Thompson became a legend among state cops. "We were always one step behind him," says Indiana Police Captain Doug Buck. Declared Thompson last week before dictating his 13-page confession: "I wouldn't attempt to guess how many states I've worked." He immediately ticked off eight. He had been arrested for check forgery only once before: in Peoria in 1974, where he posted bond, quickly jumped it and was back forging in a matter of hours.

**Grifter's Gift.** How did Thompson work his con for so long? "He was a genius at his craft," says Robert Steigmann, Champaign County assistant state's attorney. "He had the ability to snow anybody." Ruddy-faced, ingratiating and gregarious, Thompson had the grifter's gift for spinning a convincing yarn. His face stamped with Main Street

openness, Thompson never carried a fake I.D. "I don't imagine I've been asked for identification over half a dozen times," he says. Countless WANTED flyers distributed around the country gave rough descriptions of him.

The biggest mystery remains what he did with all the money. He was carrying only \$23.93 when he was arrested. Authorities speculate that he may have sent much of the take to his former wife (they were divorced in 1974); she firmly denies the charge.

Now Thompson faces the prospect of residing in an Illinois prison for up to 40 months. Other states have asked for information on him and are making extradition plans. Yet the forger will not devote the rest of his career to making license plates. So impressed are Illinois investigators with Thompson's exploits that they have offered him a guest lectureship. If the offer is approved, he will be escorted out of the pokey for brief periods to explain to state police just how he did it.

## SPECIAL REPORT

# NEW STARTS FOR AMERICA'S THIRD CENTURY



American history shows a kind of ebb and flow in national purpose and social activism. The progressive era was followed by the quiescent, conservative Harding, Coolidge and Hoover regimes. Then came the great frenzy of the New Deal and the war, which were succeeded by the calm Eisenhower years. Kennedy, in his phrase, got "America moving again"—right into the hyperactive Johnson era. During the Nixon years there came another pause, domestically at least (until Watergate spoiled the calm). That pause has continued under Gerald Ford.

These periods of rest may be necessary, yet the feeling usually arises that urgent business is being left unattended, that an idle nation (idle in the sense of ignoring self-improvement and reform) does the devil's work. Indeed, during both the Hoover and Eisenhower presidencies, these pauses were accompanied by ambitious attempts to focus on great and worthy national goals.<sup>1</sup>

A similar effort, under way since December 1973, is now beginning to bear fruit. In the course of the next year, the Commission on Critical Choices for Americans, a group of 42 prominent Americans formed by Nelson A. Rockefeller, will publish twelve volumes of monographs, studies, essays and research papers that attempt to describe our national problems and, in some cases, offer solutions. The commission fell on hard times when, nine months after its creation, its founder moved to Washington to become Vice President. The panels designated to refine the background studies met rarely. Instead, the commission is publishing the background studies themselves, produced at a cost of more than \$4 million.

When the commission was created, Rockefeller warned: "We

can no longer continue to operate on the basis of reacting to crisis. [We must] take command of the forces that are emerging, to extend our freedom and well-being as citizens and the future of other nations and peoples in the world."

TIME Correspondent John Stacks reviewed the six volumes so far finished (but not all published). His conclusion: the commission, by its own grand standard, failed. But it failed in a fascinating way. In one area of national concern after another—economics, ecology, raw materials, food, health, population, energy, trade, technology, national security—the commission paid some of the best minds in the country to wrestle with the contemporary condition. (Six more studies on various regions of the world will be completed this year.) By and large, the commission, unlike the two predecessor studies, has been able to offer no broad, self-confident program to guide America through its third century, but it has defined our situation. Of all the volumes, the most noteworthy and compelling is *The Americans: 1976*, edited by Irving Kristol and Paul Weaver. Kristol is Henry Luce Professor of Urban Values at New York University and co-editor of the quarterly *The Public Interest*; Weaver is an associate editor of *FORTUNE* and a former assistant professor of government at Harvard.

In 16 essays, the book examines our current conceptions of "human nature," of what we regard as "right" and "natural" for people to be and do—and thus of what will work when applied to society. If the commission expected that the book would produce some clear-minded view of man's nature, providing directions of

<sup>1</sup>Out of the Hoover years came *Recent Social Trends*, a report published in 1933 by a presidential research committee. The more recent study, *Goals for Americans*, was published in 1960 by the President's Commission on National Goals. It was partly financed by the Rockefeller Foundation.

## THE NATION

where we should be heading, that hope was dashed. "The purpose," say Kristol and Weaver, "is to make us all aware that we have more theories of human nature than we know what to do with, and that we have a tendency to slide from one to the other in an unthinking way, or to hold incompatible beliefs without facing up to that fact." Add the editors, borrowing some words from *Molière's* Monsieur Jourdain: "The sad truth of the matter is that we haven't been talking prose all of our lives; much of the time we have been talking gibberish."

What emerges from these essays is the sense that in nearly every important field, ideas that dominated for half a century or more are giving way. New notions are being pursued and older ideas, discarded earlier in the 20th century, are being re-examined. In area after area, there is a striking lack of consensus. In commenting on that phenomenon, Kristol and Weaver put the best face on it: "To understand our confusion is to achieve a minor but crucial triumph over that confusion. Even to understand our confusion as confusion, rather than as something else, is no negligible achievement."

Herewith a sampling from the Kristol-Weaver volume:



## SOCIAL POLICY

Daniel Patrick Moynihan, recently resigned U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, former Counselor to President Nixon on domestic affairs and author of a variety of national policy proposals in three Administrations, discerns a national schizophrenia regarding the basic guideposts for social policy. He points out that earlier in this century, the concept of human nature as essentially rational, responsible and autonomous was dominant. That notion was a fundamental tenet of classical liberalism and thus supported the political view that government's role should be severely limited. *Laissez-faire* economics was one expression of this philosophy.

That view gave way, especially among Democrats, urban residents and the well-educated, to what Moynihan describes as the "therapeutic ethic." This is the idea that human behavior can be changed and the welfare of a nation improved by "curing" the social ills that provoke uncivilized action. It sounds like an updating of Jean Jacques Rousseau, but Moynihan actually traces the idea to Freud and the view that human behavior is basically shaped by past events, not by anticipation of future rewards or punishments.

Through the 1960s, the extension of this thought led inexorably to the belief that it was not individuals who deserve blame for their actions, but "society" that is the culprit. If society is at fault, then society must be changed. Lyndon Johnson's Great Society program was the highest recent expression of that view. But even Johnson, who Moynihan says never thoroughly abandoned his ingrained sense of holding individuals to account, was disappointed with the results; he claimed that "kooks and sociologists" had ruined his plans.

"The difficulty of the new doctrine, as with the old," writes Moynihan, "lies in the uses to which it is put. If man was once seen as too autonomous, the therapeutic ethic depicts him as too dependent. If the tendency was once to exaggerate rationality, it is now the opposite—to exaggerate dependency."

The reaction—spending more and more public money on public programs aimed at alleviating national frustrations—could go too far, Moynihan warns. At the moment, that leaves us with only a vague sense of what we should do, of what direction social policy should take. That implies a lessening of faith in government intervention and suggests a need for caution before engineering new interventions in our lives.



## CRIME

Out of a similar philosophical confusion—and a similar experience of devoting great amounts of money and national effort to little avail—comes the muddle over what to do about crime. In earlier days, crime was simply punished. Offenders were locked away or done away with, without much thought of reforming the criminal. In the 1930s the view grew that crime was caused by environmental and personal factors. Notes Harvard's James Q. Wilson: "Since crime was 'caused,' it could not be deterred." But it could be treated, like a case of the measles. There followed programs in rehabilitation, psychotherapy, job training, community halfway houses and probation. Yet crime still rises.

Concludes Wilson: "We have learned, I should think, that there are limits to what government can accomplish in human affairs generally and in criminal affairs particularly. It cannot export democracy, remold human character, revitalize families; nor can it rehabilitate in large number thieves and muggers."

Then what are we to do? Just lock up the offenders, suggests Wilson, as in the old days. There should, he says, be "equal deprivation of liberty for equal offenses."



## MENTAL HEALTH

"There is no great wave of self-assurance sweeping this nation," writes Harvard Psychiatrist Robert Coles, "and it is especially hard these days even for psychiatrists to draw a firm line between the sensibly troubled and those beside themselves for utterly irrational reasons."

For generations we were confident that we could distinguish the sane from the insane. Now that confidence is vanishing, and the decade of the '60s did much to erode it. Nations and societies went crazy, as they had in the past, but this time they were collectively judged to be abnormal: society was blamed, not its members or its leaders. British Psychiatrist R.D. Laing took that view a step further, enunciating that in a crazy world even wildly abnormal personal behavior might be considered sane.

Coles rejects Laing's vision of mental illness as mental health. But he concedes that his profession is unsure of itself and of its own definitions. Asks Coles: "Exactly what, if anything, is 'mental health'? Who is 'mentally ill'—as opposed to the rest of us, who make do, if not prosper psychologically? Is the whole subject of 'mental health' a phantom—a means by which different people, possessed of different notions about life and its purposes, turn on one another categorically, morally and even, it can be said, politically: I am 'healthy' (good, saved, favored by God or fate) and you are an outcast of sorts?"

Coles offers no solutions, only more questions. "Under such circumstances, how are the keepers to hold on to their keys with any confidence or make decisive policy decisions, and how is anyone to be sure he is sane—and not a fool, whirling in the dark?"

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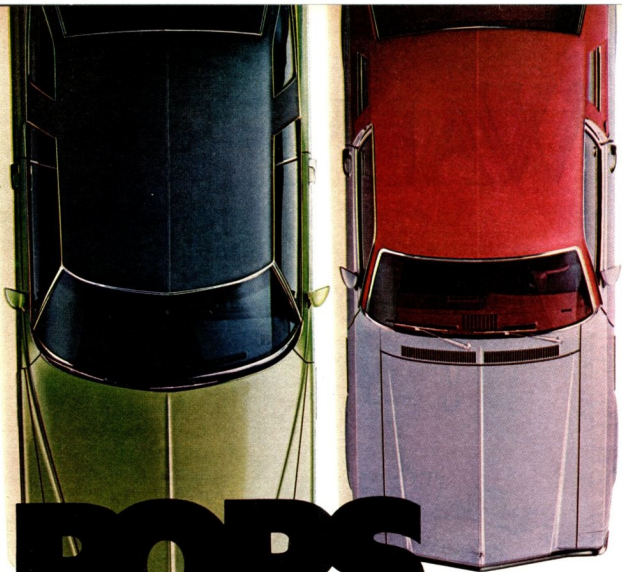
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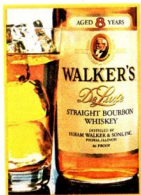
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## THE FAMILY

From the founding of the nation and well into the 20th century, the family was seen as the keystone to both personal and social well-being. Writes Sociologist Sheila M. Rothman of the Center for Policy Research in New York: "The fundamental assumption was that the good order of society depended finally on the good order of the family, its ability to instill discipline and regularity in its members. Success in this mission augured well for the safety of the republic. Failure jeopardized the experiment that was democracy."

But that view has changed. What Rothman calls the "discovery of personhood" leads often to the notion that happiness rests not with the family unit but, perhaps, in opposition to it. The rapidly changing sense of women's proper roles, the uncertainty over children's rights, doubts about the very worth of having and rearing children, the ever-loosening legal bonds of marriage—all these have brought into question, in Rothman's phrase, "the legitimacy of the family."

To some, the antidote to the dissolving family in America is state intervention. Once the family was seen as sacrosanct and no place for the presence of government. But concern about the weakness of the family has bred demands for state action—such as child-care centers, aid to dependent children and juvenile court systems—to strengthen it. Yet state intervention has meant interference in the lives of poor families, not middle-class families, says Rothman. Such intervention has tended toward coercion, largely through the welfare system. "The challenge confronting social policy toward women, children and the family over the next decades is awesome," she observes. "There is little reason to be confident about the future."



Through the past two decades, the great American faith in the necessity and efficacy of education has been extended to include universal access to college, virtually regardless of aptitude. That affirmation of the belief in self-improvement, if not human perfectibility, has now fallen on hard times. In its place is a wave of "antischolar" feeling and growing questions about the worth of ever-lengthening periods of education for the masses. In no small part, this skepticism stems from the recession and the resulting difficulties young people have in finding jobs. It also grows out of continued failures to improve dramatically the lot of the "disadvantaged," who demanded and are getting, in some measure, "compensatory education."

Philosopher Mortimer J. Adler, chairman of the board of editors of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, rejects the antischool trend. But he concedes there may be good reason for the rising disbelief in the ultimate educability of everyone. Undifferentiated schooling, writes Adler, may be "doomed to defeat by differences in the children's economic, social and ethnic backgrounds and especially differences in the homes from which they come."

If our hopes for education were overblown, he asks, does this "require us to abandon the effort to carry out the educa-

tional mandate of a democratic society, or does it require a democratic society to undertake economic and social as well as educational reforms to facilitate carrying out that mandate?" In short: one social program has failed, so let's turn to another.

But is there anywhere to turn? In a separate essay, Historian Donald Fleming of Harvard reports on the intellectual war between those who see man as chiefly a product of his environment and those who credit heredity. If, as Fleming maintains, those who credit heredity are growing in influence, that raises some troublesome questions. If the wonderful hope that we can change man by changing his surroundings is fading, what is left but genetic engineering to accomplish what even Adler admits education has not been able to bring about—a thoroughly improved human being?

That prospect may be too bleak. For one thing, a possible, if intangible alternative to education and genetic engineering may lie in spiritual renewal. For another, it may be necessary to decide that human beings are simply not going to be "thoroughly improved," but that we must work with them as they are.

The Kristol-Weaver volume and the other five reports from the Rockefeller Commission offer a few prescriptions for action. But they are either so grandiose as to be suspect (a plan for energy independence, from Physicist Edward Teller, is at least twice as ambitious as Richard Nixon's Project Independence, which was itself unrealistic), or so obvious as to be relatively useless (birth control as the answer to the population problem, more agricultural productivity to solve the food problem). As analyses of the problems confronting the U.S. and of the driving ideas that motivate its people, however, the reports are valuable. They do enable us, as Kristol and Weaver note, to understand our confusion as confusion, and to see ourselves in a state of pause, not collapse. Concludes Moynihan: "There is little we have lost which we ought to seek to regain; nor yet have we lost so much as to assume a further decline is now irreversible."

While Moynihan and others question the size of our government and the extent of its reach into our lives, none suggests undoing the federal, state or local apparatus that runs the country. Nor do they suggest abandoning the compassion and the hopes for improvement that motivated so many of our efforts to help the poor, educate our people, and solve the other problems of our society. They do point out that many of our tools seem no longer appropriate. Many of the commission's reports are saying that the promise of modern rationalism—"hand over human society to the experts and they will devise solutions for all of our problems"—is simply too extravagant and has been recognized as such by the experts themselves. In the wake of an age of bewildering change, the reports imply, a certain modesty of purpose and a period of contemplation might be very beneficial.

By and large, the conclusions to be drawn from the volume seem "conservative" rather than liberal. But the study indicates that people are both simpler and more complex than such a formulation suggests—and than the experts have recently assumed. The message is conservative only in the sense that it dares to invoke the concept of human nature at all—a concept long dismissed and derided. Different though the various views of human nature may be, the very use of the term implies that there is something permanent and irreducible in man and that his resistance to outside manipulation is a kind of triumph. This does not defeat or dismiss the experts, but it does suggest that henceforth they may have to concentrate more on what is permanent in man than on what is changeable. Could it be (though this is not specifically said in the study) that this will have to include a return to the notion of good and evil, and therefore to the value of rules and discipline, and perhaps even to a faith in something outside man? Rutgers Sociologist Peter Berger suggests that what he calls the crisis of modernity requires some very new programs, a fresh start. Needed for this, he believes, is less concern for the abstraction of liberal ideology and a "renewal of respect for the concrete structures that give meaning to the life of the individual—family, church, neighborhood, ethnic group." Theoretically, at least, he believes that this should be possible "within the framework of the American creed, which has shown itself to be very probably the most flexible ideological framework in recent human history."

## MIDDLE EAST/COVER STORIES

## Violent Week: The Politics of Death

Even by Middle Eastern standards, it was a week of abnormal tension and turmoil. The carefully engineered truce imposed on that divided nation by Syria had collapsed (see below). Bitter fighting continued between hard-pressed Christian rightists and forces of the National Movement, an amalgam of Moslem leftists and Palestinians led by a gaunt, shambling politician-mystic, Kamal Jumblat (see page 34), who vowed to fight on until Lebanon's antiquated sectarian political system was reformed.

The civil war grew so intense that Syria came as close to threatening intervention as at any time since the crisis began a year ago. Under severe pressure not only from Damascus but from Yasser Arafat, head of the Palestine Liberation Organization, Jumblat agreed to a ten-day cease-fire, which would allow Parliament to elect a new President in place of Suleiman Franjeh, the stubborn Maronite leader who at week's end was still clinging desperately to office.

In Washington, where he conferred with President Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, Jordan's King Hussein argued that Syrian military intervention might be the only way to bring peace to Lebanon. Some Western observers were less sanguine. Reason: a direct move by Syria would almost certainly lead to a strong Israeli response—possibly even the occupation of southern Lebanon.

Israel, which has faced more than its share of agony, had new worries at home. Following weeks of tension on the West Bank, there was a violent clash between Israeli and Arab inside the Jewish state itself that left six dead and scores wounded. It was the most serious confrontation between Israeli Jews and their Arab fellow citizens in the nation's history.

No one believed that the seemingly endless crisis in Lebanon would trigger another Middle East war that neither side really wants—although that will remain a worrisome accidental possibility. But if war breaks out, Israel will come armed with an awesome military threat: nuclear bombs. In an exclusive report (see page 39), TIME presents hitherto undisclosed details of Israel's nuclear arsenal.



MOSLEMS STAND OVER CORPSE DURING BEIRUT FIGHTING

## Freeze for a Hot War

For months, with few interruptions, Lebanon had known only the politics of death. Now, said Kamal Jumblat, leader of Lebanon's leftist National Movement, "the path is open for beginning a political solution." He spoke as he accepted a cease-fire (the 24th in five months) that ended, at least temporarily, one of the bloodiest passages in the country's endless civil war. An estimated 1,500 were killed last week, even as negotiations were going on, in fierce fighting between right-wing Christians and the combined forces of Moslems, leftists and fedayeen. That raised the death total since last April to nearly 13,000.

Considering the deep-rooted passions, no one in Beirut at week's end was predicting with much confidence that

this latest pause in the struggle would last for long. But many agreed with what was implicit in Jumblat's confident assertion: that the Moslems were within sight of their basic goal in the war—overturning the antiquated sectarian system of distributing power that has controlled Lebanon since it gained independence from France in 1946.

The world has become inured to the ravages of civil war; the public mind is numbed by both the casualty figures and the intricacies of these conflicts. Why care especially about Lebanon? Partly because its fate touches on the larger, potentially cataclysmic Middle Eastern conflict. Partly because a change in who rules Lebanon could affect the precarious balance of the entire region. Partly

because the savage Lebanese struggle represents a kind of microcosm of the feuds between sects and races in the Middle East, where minorities have long fared poorly—witness the Arabs of Israel, the Jews at various times in almost every Arab state, the Kurds of Iraq.

Lebanon, a compact nation with 17 diverse Christian and Moslem sects, seemed to have found the ideal solution. Everything appeared so neatly and carefully defined. The President was always to be a Maronite Christian, reflecting the fact that the Maronites before independence were the largest sect in Lebanon; the Premier was a Sunni Moslem, the speaker of Parliament a Shia Moslem. But two things were wrong with the system. Once ordained, it could not be changed without bitter quarrels. Moreover, the Christians, thanks to their French connection, held on to a disproportionate share of power.



LEBANESE STREET FIGHTERS FIRING FROM BEHIND SANDBAGS THROWN UP AT A VANTAGE POINT IN BEIRUT  
It was not a question of changing a President but of changing a regime and its shape.

Christian refusal to accept basic reforms in the system was the underlying cause of the latest violence. But the most recent focus of Moslem anger was Suleiman Franjeh, the white-haired, crusty mountain man from Zgharta who has been Lebanon's President for 5½ years and is due to leave office on Sept. 23. Moslems with good reason consider the narrow-minded Franjeh the pre-eminent example of Christian misrule in Lebanon; Jumblatt threatened to wage war to the end unless Franjeh left office before his time. To back up their demands, the Lebanese Left two weeks ago leveled their artillery on the presidential palace at Baabda (TIME, April 5) and blasted Franjeh out of it in an attempt to bombard him from office. Last week Lebanon's President was operating out of a village hall near Jounieh, a Christian town located north of Beirut.

Lebanese Christian leaders soon joined Jumblatt in offering the ten-day cease-fire. During this hiatus, Lebanon's Parliament is expected to meet in Beirut (for the first time in a month) to elect a new President and to accept Franjeh's resignation (if and when it is tendered). At week's end two prominent candidates were Maronite Christians with reputations as moderates: Raymond Edde, 62, head of the centrist National Bloc Party, and Elias Sarkis, 51, president of Lebanon's Central Bank, who narrowly lost out to Franjeh in 1970.

Despite the almost universal feeling that it was high time for Franjeh to step down, there was no guarantee that he would do so. Edde warned that Lebanon might face the prospect of having two claimants to the presidency, a situation that would surely lead to a renewal of fighting. As it was, the first two days of the freeze were fitfully observed; police said that 92 people were killed and 85 wounded in sniping incidents during the first 24 hours. There were also reports of tank battles in the mountain country, and some Christians were again calling for Syrian intervention.

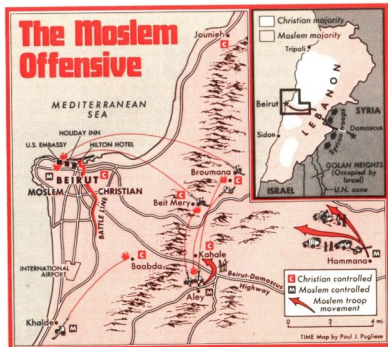
If the fighting resumes in earnest, Jumblatt's National Movement troops, who are backed by many Palestinian

groups, will undoubtedly resume their assault on the remaining Christian strongholds in Lebanon. Last week Moslem and leftist forces managed to consolidate new battle lines in the capital. Much of the fighting took place in the downtown hotel district, where the leftists followed up a victory at the shattered Holiday Inn (TIME, April 5) by driving Christian militiamen out of the nearby Hilton and Normandy hotels. The battle for the unfinished Hilton was bloody: the Phalangist defenders died amid still-packed crates of furniture and rolls of carpeting that were waiting to be laid when the civil war began.

The Christians fought their way out of the hotel district; few surrendered, knowing that at this stage of the war neither side was taking many prisoners. The retreating troops fell back into Beirut's port district, a warren of narrow streets and al-

leys, and thus a far more difficult battleground than the hotel sector. The other major Christian stronghold remained the Ashrafieh quarter, not far from Martyrs' Square and the old commercial district of Beirut. Between Ashrafieh and the Moslem lines, cars were routinely stopped and searched by either side and travelers switched between Moslem and Christian taxicabs. Lebanese dubbed the crossing "the Mandelbaum Gate"—referring to the post that separated East and West Jerusalem when the city was split between Jordanian and Israeli rule.

Surrounding the Mandelbaum Gate, reported TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn last week, is a no man's land of 200 yds. in which not even cats or dogs dare to walk. On either side of the checkpoints are sandbagged bunkers and fortified houses. Their windows have been cemented up, except for small slots for weapons. Oil drums are set out to mark





**ARAFAT AND HABASH AT BEIRUT RALLY**

*Limited clout from without and diplomatic*

the perimeters of either side. Before the latest cease-fire took effect, the pop-pop-pop of gunfire erupted steadily from both sides.

One reason for the increase in casualties was that both sides were now using heavy artillery in a war that had previously been limited to automatic rifles, machine guns, rockets and mortars. Despite the chaos in Beirut, most of the city's telephone system was still working. Gunners took advantage of that fact to check on their accuracy. After firing off a round, artillerymen would dial a number known to be in the target area and ask where the shell had landed.

To drive the Christians out of their strongholds, the Moslems last week also imposed a tight *cordon sanitaire* around Christian areas. All cars were stopped and fuel and food confiscated. Even a Maronite nun, braving the shellfire to shop for her convent, had her groceries taken away at the Mandelbaum Gate. As it was, food prices had been soaring for weeks. Bananas cost three times as much in the Christian quarters of the city as in Moslem streets.

Inevitably, some of the combatants as well as armed civilians stopped fighting long enough to loot houses and shops in the battle areas. Troop commanders prevented them whenever they could: one officer of the Independent Nasserite militia, which was fighting alongside Jumblatt's men, caught four looters ripping off a shop and beat them up singlehanded. "Other people are fighting and dying," he screamed, fists swinging, "and these bastards are stealing!"

Some fighters shook down neutrals for financial "contributions." Near the Mandelbaum Gate, TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn and TIME's Abu Said Abu Rish were stopped by four young men in ragged civvies but brandishing submachine guns. Cabled Wynn: "They got into the car and took the wheel. They drove us to a quiet place where no one could see and we could 'talk.' They examined our documents sternly and wondered out loud if we wouldn't like to contribute to their 'cause.' Naturally we



**BROWN DISCUSSING LEBANESE SITUATION WITH PRESIDENT FRANJIEH**

*moves that led to some strange alliances—some old, some new.*

were eager to contribute. I shoved \$35 in Lebanese currency into the nearest outstretched hand and they let us go."

Until recently, the U.S. has played a limited role in the Lebanese crisis. America's diplomatic clout has of necessity been limited. Because of the U.S. relationship with Israel, there was no prospect of discussing truce plans with the Palestinians, who are not only key participants in the struggle but also a central issue as far as the Lebanese Christians are concerned; they resented the fact that the 320,000 Palestinians living in Lebanon had so much power. Beyond that, Washington has not had its top representative in Beirut since January: Ambassador G. McMurtrie Godley is on sick leave recovering from a throat cancer operation. But last week the State Department summoned L. Dean Brown, 55, a highly regarded Arabist, out of retirement to troubleshoot in the beleaguered city.

**B**rown, who retired last year from the Foreign Service to become director of Washington's privately run Middle East Institute, was ambassador to Amman in 1970 when Palestinian fedayeen went to war with the army of King Hussein. As the newly arrived envoy in Amman, he strapped a pearl-handled pistol to his waist, rode to the palace in an armored personnel carrier and presented his credentials to the King. Brown flew into Beirut last week unarmed and with instructions from Secretary of State Kissinger to make contact with Jumblatt and Franjié and offer the good offices of the U.S. as mediator. State Department spokesmen carefully explained that Brown was not authorized to deal with Arafat or any other Palestinian leader. Nonetheless, it was not beyond the realm of possibility that informal contacts might be made.

Although Brown conferred with a wide range of Christian and Moslem leaders (including President Franjié), the man principally responsible for arranging the freeze was Syrian President

Hafez Assad. He was greatly embarrassed by the collapse of the January 23 cease-fire arranged by his Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam. Assad's government launched a diplomatic offensive to get Jumblatt's forces to stop fighting.

Calling attention to their own forces based along the border, the Syrians hinted at intervention. They also cut off Jumblatt's supply line: at one point he complained that the Syrians were denying him 4,000 guns and 7 million rounds of ammunition that had been donated by the Egyptian government and confiscated when they reached Damascus en route to Beirut. Finally, Assad persuaded Arafat to put pressure on Jumblatt to accept another cease-fire. The persuasions contained an implicit warning that if the war continued the Lebanese-based Palestinians might lose Syrian support and supplies.

The diplomatic moves and counter-moves produced some strange alliances—some new, some old. For the past two years Arafat has been at ideological odds with Dr. George Habash, the militantly Marxist head of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. But both Habash and Arafat are supporters of Jumblatt, and both felt threatened by Syria's strategy. Last week the two men appeared benevolently in public together at a Beirut rally.

Although Assad regained some lost prestige by arranging the freeze, his credibility as claimant to leadership of the Arab world suffered when the Pax Syriana collapsed. For one thing, it appeared that Damascus had far less sway over the Lebanese Moslems, leftists and Palestinians than it had claimed. For another, Syria's frantic efforts to gain another cease-fire were backed primarily by Jordan's King Hussein and Saudi Arabia's King Khalid, two conservative monarchs who are anathema to radical Arabs. The U.S. also endorsed Syria's peace efforts, as did Moscow, although the Russians played no perceptible role in the crisis. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, who was in Western Europe shop-

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## THE WORLD

ping for arms, strengthened his slightly tarnished credentials as a champion of the Moslem Arab cause by sending supplies to Jumblatt.

During the tense week, King Hussein sought assurances in Washington that the U.S. would restrain the Israelis if Syrian military intervention in Lebanon proved necessary as a last resort. The U.S. made no commitments, in part because relations between Washington and Jerusalem are once again slightly strained. Although Ambassador to the United Nations William Scranton vetoed a Security Council resolution con-

demning Israeli repression on the West Bank (TIME, April 5), Israel was still furious over the cool tenor of Scranton's maiden speech, in which he described the occupation of East Jerusalem as "interim and provisional."

The Ford Administration, meanwhile, was annoyed with Israel for attempting to block a U.S. proposal to sell six C-130 cargo planes to Sadat for \$65 million. Despite U.S. denials, Israel sees the move as a first step in further armament sales to Egypt and has encouraged pro-Israel Congressmen to oppose it. The lobbying efforts so angered Ford

that last week he declared his opposition to an extra \$500 million in arms appropriations for Israel.

Both Israel and the U.S. now face the problem of how to deal with a new ingredient in the Middle East morass: a Lebanon that is not the Lebanon of old. It seemed certain last week that the Moslem leftists were on the verge of forcing the country to abandon the old sectarian political system, either by accepting reform or by facing the muzzles of 25,000 AK-47s. As King Hussein observed in Washington, it is no longer "a question of changing a Pres-

## The Mystic Who Goes to War

In the mountain resort Aley, Lefist Leader Kamal Jumblatt one day last week sat in his temporary headquarters, directing the siege of the nearby Christian stronghold of Kahale. Suddenly, a mortar shell whistled through the air and exploded 50 yds. away with an ear-splitting blast. Aides jumped to their feet; one suggested running for cover. "Shells like that don't do much damage," said Jumblatt calmly. He remained unruffled when an assistant rushed in to tell him that the explosion had damaged his black Mercedes. Replied he coolly, "We shouldn't park our cars over on that side of the street."

Kamal Jumblatt, 58, may have been one of the few men in shattered Lebanon who could summon up such reserves of serenity. He was also, for the moment, the nation's most powerful political figure, as leader of the disparate leftist coalition known as the National Movement, whose forces until the ceasefire were locked in battle with Christian militiamen. More than any other Lebanese leader, Jumblatt was responsible for the collapse of Syrian President Hafez Assad's plan to end the civil war through a *Pax Syriana*. Jumblatt's reason: such a settlement would only perpetuate the sectarian bitterness dividing the nation.

"We want to westernize this country as a secular, democratic state," Jumblatt told TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn. "We can no longer be segregated as Druze or Sunni Moslems or Maronites. This system makes this country look like a zoo full of different kinds of animals. It's really undignified to be part of it."

There is a certain irony in that statement, since Jumblatt first came to power

as the hereditary feudal chieftain of Lebanon's 300,000 Druzes, an esoteric branch of Islam that emerged in the 11th century. Other curious paradoxes mark his career: He is both a dedicated socialist and a millionaire. Despite his fidelity to Druze beliefs, he was educated at Roman Catholic

CONTRAST—GAMMA—LIAISON



LEFTIST LEADER KAMAL JUMBLATT IN BEIRUT

schools, and studied law and philosophy at the Sorbonne. He knew and was deeply influenced by Jesuit Theologian-Anthropologist Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, quotes Thomas Aquinas frequently, and is respected as an authority on the mysticism of St. John of the Cross. He is also a practitioner of yoga and a published poet to boot.

Jumblatt is widely regarded as the "Mr. Clean" of Lebanon's tainted politics and a longtime influential king-maker. The founder of Lebanon's Pro-

gressive Socialist Party, he backed Camille Chamoun for the presidency in a bloodless coup in 1952. Jumblatt soon turned on his protégé for failing to enact economic and social reforms; in 1958 he was among the leaders of an anti-Chamoun uprising that disintegrated after U.S. Marines landed on Lebanon's beaches to restore order. Jumblatt has generally taken a strong socialist and pro-Palestinian line. Although he is nobody's man by any means, Jumblatt is admired in Moscow: he was awarded the Lenin Peace Prize in 1973 and the Order of Lenin in 1974.

In his campaign for secularization, Jumblatt sees the Maronite Christians as the principal enemies. He complains that "they want to dominate the country. Instead of displaying the great values of Christianity—love, charity, justice—they act like the petty old Christian sects of the Byzantine era, who quarreled about the sex of angels or whether Christ was of one or two natures and executed those who lost the argument." At the same time, he points to his home region as an example of how the country's religions can live together. In the mountainous Chouf, where in more peaceful times he ruled from the picturesque town of Mukhtara, are Druze villages, Maronite villages and mixed Druze-Maronite villages, all of which still enjoy a relatively tranquil life despite the civil war.

The National Movement that Jumblatt heads also cuts across sectarian lines. It includes his own Progressive Socialists, as well as Communists, several groups of Nasserites and followers of the new renegade "Lebanese Arab Army." It also has the backing of the leftist Syrian Popular Party, headed by Inam Raad, a Christian, and including a sizable number of other Christians.

Despite Jumblatt's acceptance of the ten-day "freeze," he clearly intends to carry on his struggle against the obsolete sectarian political system that led to the civil war. "A false compromise is a bad compromise," he told Correspondent Wynn. "Somebody must win, and somebody must lose. We must go ahead to a real evolution of the country."

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## THE WORLD

ident in Lebanon, but of changing a regime and its shape."

The shape of that emerging new regime presents potential dangers for peace in the Middle East. A Lebanon in which Moslems have a predominant influence in politics may gradually evolve into an Arab socialist state, and perhaps into a confrontation power as well. (Lebanon remained neutral during the last three Arab-Israeli wars.) Israel may have to worry much more about its 49-mile-long border with Lebanon. The establishment of Moslem rule in Lebanon may be a notable triumph for the Palestinians. The fedayeen initially tried to stay out of the political strife, later tried

to police it, and finally were forced to join what seems to be the winning side. They can be expected to demand a few rewards from their leftist friends, even though they already constitute a state-within-a-state inside Lebanon.

What happens next in Lebanon will obviously complicate an already complicated Middle East peace situation. Even if full-scale war does not happen, the threat of a new wave of attrition from the combined forces of Syria, Jordan and a strongly anti-Zionist Lebanon has suddenly become real, if still distant. Such a possibility was already obvious last week even as the guns of Lebanon went quiet for the moment.

# A Tragedy in Galilee

It was the bloodiest week ever in relations between the Arabs and Jews of Israel. In twelve hours of confrontation, six Israeli Arabs were shot dead, scores suffered gunshot wounds and 288 were arrested. Stones hurled by enraged Arabs injured 38 policemen. The clash between Israeli fellow citizens in the Galilee area was uglier and more violent than the recent troubles on the Israeli-occupied West Bank (TIME, March 29); in fact, only two Arabs have been killed and a few wounded on the West Bank since February. At week's end, Israeli Arabs and Jews alike were desperately trying to assess how the violence would affect what had long been regarded by Jerusalem as the special relationship between the two communities (see following story).

Tension began mounting at the beginning of February, when the Israeli Cabinet announced plans to expropriate 1,500 acres of Arab-owned land and 1,000 acres of Jewish-owned land in northern Galilee for a new housing project. The government pledged that landowners would be compensated in cash or new land and that 1,200 apartments in the new settlement would be reserved for Arab families.

**T**he Arabs strongly opposed the project. They doubted that they would ever move into new apartments, since Israel's history offers almost no examples of Arabs being welcomed into Jewish communities. Many Arabs suspected that the real motive of the multimillion-dollar project was to encourage Jewish settlement in Galilee. The area is now 48% Arab; since the Arabs have a birth rate twice that of Israeli Jews, they will soon become a majority. That fact has disturbing political implications for the Jews of the region, who have long urged the government to encourage Jewish settlement.

In a show of opposition to the expropriation plan, Tawfiq Zayad, the Communist mayor of Nazareth, called for a one-day general strike in Galilee for last week. The government tried

hard to prevent it; some Arabs charge that workers were threatened with loss of their jobs if they failed to show up for work. Jerusalem claimed that fewer than half the 107 Arab villages participated in the strike. But in at least a dozen communities, police and soldiers battled with angry Arabs; three of them were killed in Sakhnin and one each in Araba, Kfar Kanna and Tira.

How the six Arabs died is still disputed. Minister of Police Shlomo Hilel insists that shots were fired in self-defense. Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, replying to angry criticism in the Knesset the day after the shootings, argued that force had been necessary "to assure the well-being of the public." He accused the Rakah (Communist) Party and the Communist Youth Union of breaking into schools, beating up teachers and driving away pupils who wanted to study rather than strike. Merchants who wanted to keep their shops open were intimidated; roads were blocked, security forces assaulted. Thundered Rabin: "No state can acquiesce to such breaches of order."

Arabs angrily challenge the government version of what happened. Cabled TIME Jerusalem Bureau Chief Donald Neff, who visited Sakhnin the day after the shootings: "The villagers claim that the night before the planned strike, about 300 soldiers drove into Sakhnin,



ARAB IN NAZARETH DRAGGED BY ISRAELI



ISRAELI WOUNDED IN GALILEE RIOTS



FUNERAL FOR ARAB KILLED AT SAKHNIN

## THE WORLD

firing rifles and machine guns into the air and then into houses. The townsmen insist that they set up roadblocks to keep the soldiers out of the village; when soldiers tried to enter homes, the villagers pelted them with stones. In response the government clamped curfews on Sakhnin and two neighboring communities, the first time that curfews had ever been imposed within Israeli Arab villages.

"Many of Sakhnin's residents did not know about the sudden curfew, the Arabs claim. Thus early in the morning, when a woman left her house, she was shot without warning. When a neighbor rushed to help her, he was shot dead. Then, according to the villagers, two others were killed.

"Bullet proof marks on the outside and inside of houses along Sakhnin's main street, broken windows, battered cars and splashes of dried blood on the roadway grimly testify to the shootings of the previous day. But there was no way to verify the villagers' version of what triggered the tragedy. The government has stuck to its story that the villagers were attacked only after they had stoned the soldiers and blocked roadways with flaming tires. Probably the truth lies somewhere in between."

**J**erusalem's tough action in Galilee last week was denounced by many Israelis. The Communists, as could be expected, called for a no-confidence vote in the Knesset (it was overwhelmingly defeated) and screamed that the government was "a regime of murderers." Tel Aviv's independent daily *Ma'ariv* called the violence the "blackest day in the history of relations between Jews and Arabs in the state of Israel." Although the government probably overreacted in Galilee, it faces a continuing dilemma: it must be able to respond effectively when troops are harassed by Israel's own citizens; at the same time it must avoid actions that could permanently alienate the growing Arab community.

## Are They Second-Class Citizens?

"When I am in Tel Aviv, they call me an Arab. When I am in Nablus [on the West Bank], they call me an Israeli."

So said the late Abdul Aziz Zuabi, Israel's onetime Deputy Minister of Health, in summing up the identity crisis that faces the largest minority living in the Jewish state. The one million Arabs of the Gaza Strip and the West Bank who suddenly found themselves under Israeli rule after the Six-Day War have no question about their identity; they are Palestinians. But for the Arabs living within Israel's pre-1967 borders as Israeli citizens—a community that has grown from 150,000 in 1948 to nearly half a million today—there has been a continual tug of loyalties that exploded last week in the Galilee riots.

For years, officials in Israel proudly pointed to the Arab community as an example of how two peoples can live together in harmony. That the Arabs remained loyal to Israel even during four Middle East wars was cited as proof that they were generally satisfied with their lot. As citizens of the state, the Israeli Arabs have the right to vote, own land, run their own schools and join labor unions. In the past 28 years, their illiteracy rate has plunged from over 80% to 15%, and their living standard has risen dramatically as the government brought paved roads, electricity, running water, technology and communications to once impoverished villages. Today the Israeli Arabs enjoy a standard of living that is not only considerably above that of the average Egyptian or Syrian but also higher than that of Israel's Oriental Jews.

Despite these material gains, Israeli Arabs remain, in certain respects, second-class citizens. Although there is no official *apartheid*, the Jewish and Arab communities seldom mix. The majority of Arabs live in 107 villages (most in

Galilee) in which there are no Jews—and until 1966, these communities were under military rule. There are relatively few Arabs in top government jobs or in the military—partly for security reasons and partly to spare them a crisis of conscience during war. Although they comprise 13% of Israel's population, Arabs hold only six of the Knesset's 120 seats and constitute only 3% of the students at Israel's universities.

The frustrations bred by a sense of inequality remained dormant within the Arab community until Israel's 1967 military victory, which brought the Gaza Strip and the West Bank under Jerusalem's rule. The 19-year isolation of Israel's Arabs from the rest of the Middle East suddenly ended. Israeli Arabs were shocked to find that they spoke, dressed and reacted differently than did their Palestinian cousins in the occupied territories. They encountered militant, anti-Israeli West Bankers, who denounced them for being more Israeli than Arab. At the same time, the Israeli Jew looked upon his Arab fellow citizen with increasing suspicion. When sabotage or terrorist incidents occurred, for instance, the Israeli Arab had to submit to humiliating searches by military police.

Politically, the Israeli Arabs are divided. Some faithfully follow their apolitical clan sheiks, who are primarily concerned about keeping their villages prosperous and cohesive. Others are strong supporters of Jordan's King Hussein. Since active supporters of the Palestine Liberation Organization are barred from campaigning in Israeli elections, most Arabs with a sense of grievance vote for the Rakah (Communist) Party, which has four members in the Knesset; two are Jews. Lately there has been talk among the Arabs about trying to focus voting strength to increase their membership in parliament to twelve—a powerful bloc in Israel's fragmented politics. Last December the voters of Nazareth (pop. 40,000), Israel's largest Arab city, elected Tawfiq Zayad, a Communist, as their mayor.

A particular concern of the government is the mood of young Israeli Arabs, who are far more likely than their elders to identify with the anti-Zionist cause of the Palestinians. Having grown up in the Jewish state, many of these Arab youths speak fluent Hebrew, know the customs of the country and can easily be mistaken for Jews. If sufficient numbers of them were to join the terrorists—a realistic possibility should the causes of Arab unrest continue—Israel might well find itself combatting a war on its home front as well as a threat on its frontiers.



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LONG-RANGE VIEW OF ISRAEL'S FIRST NUCLEAR INSTALLATION AT DIMONA IN THE NEGEV

DAVID RUBINER

## SPECIAL REPORT

# How Israel Got the Bomb

For years there has been widespread speculation about Israel's nuclear potential—speculation that has now been confirmed. At a briefing for a group of American space experts in Washington recently, an official of the Central Intelligence Agency estimated that Israel had between ten and 20 nuclear weapons "available for use." In fact, *TIME* has learned, Israel possesses a nuclear arsenal of 13 atomic bombs, assembled, stored and ready to be dropped on enemy forces from specially equipped Kfir and Phantom fighters or Jericho missiles. These weapons have a 20-kiloton yield, roughly as powerful as those that obliterated Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Israel has thus joined a nuclear club that includes, of course, the U.S. and Soviet Union, both of which have so much megatonnage that it is difficult to measure. France and Britain have several hundred nuclear warheads; India and China are estimated to be in Israel's class as fledgling atomic powers.

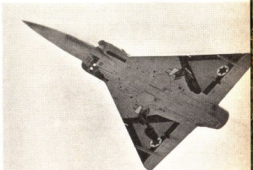
Israel's 13 bombs, *TIME* has also learned, were hastily assembled at a secret underground tunnel during a 78-hr. period at the start of the 1973 October War. At that time, the Egyptians had repulsed the first Israeli counterattacks along the Suez Canal, causing heavy casualties, and Israeli forces on the Golan Heights were retreating in the face of a massive Syrian tank assault. At 10 p.m. on Oct. 8, the Israeli Commander on the northern front, Major General Yitzhak Hoffi, told his superior: "I am not sure that we can hold out much longer." After midnight, Defense Minister Moshe Dayan solemnly warned Premier Golda Meir: "This is the end of the third temple." Mrs. Meir thereupon gave Dayan permission to activate Israel's Doodsday weapons. As each bomb was assembled, it was rushed off to waiting air force units. Before any triggers were set, however, the battle on both fronts turned in Israel's favor. The 13 bombs were sent to desert arsenals,

where they remain today, still ready for use.

Did Israel's nuclear capability play a part in the U.S. global military alert of Oct. 25, 1973? According to *TIME*'s sources, the Israelis were convinced that the Russians had learned of the newly acquired nuclear potential, possibly through a Soviet Cosmos spy satellite over the Middle East. What is certain is that on Oct. 13, the Russians dispatched nuclear warheads from Nikolayev—the naval base at Odessa—to Alexandria, to be fitted on Russian Scud missiles already based in Egypt. The U.S., in turn, detected the Soviet warheads as the ship carrying them passed through the Bosphorus on Oct. 15 and issued a warning to Moscow by means of a world military alert.

*TIME*'s sources further believe that the U.S. learned about the bombs as a result of a reconnaissance sweep of the Middle East by a spy plane. Some high officials in Washington insist that the U.S. had no knowledge of the bombs and deny that they were a factor in the alert. The plane was spotted by Israeli air defenses and two Phantom jets scrambled to intercept it. "I have it on my radar," the Israeli pilot radioed. "It is an [SR-71] American Blackbird." Back to him came a direct order from a high-ranking Israeli Air Force commander: "Down it." The SR-71, flying effortlessly at 85,000 ft., easily outclimbed and outdistanced the Israelis and returned to its base with significant readings.

**T**he origins of the nuclear bomb project date back to Israel's birth. Atomic scientists were encouraged by Chaim Weizmann, Israel's first President and a chemist of international repute. Israeli nuclear experts produced low-grade uranium from phosphate in the Negev and developed an efficient technique for producing heavy water. In 1953, Israel, in exchange for these processes, was allowed to study France's nuclear program and participate in its Sahara tests. Four years later, France gave Israel its first nuclear reac-



ISRAELI Kfir FIGHTER  
Joining the club.

tor. Later, the French also helped with the design of Israel's Dimona Atomic Research Community in the Negev, which Premier David Ben-Gurion called nothing but a "textile factory."

The Dimona nuclear reactor went into operation in 1964. Meanwhile, an intense secret debate had begun within Israel about whether the government should also build a separation plant to produce the fissionable material necessary for an A-bomb. Ben-Gurion and Shimon Peres, then Deputy Defense Minister and currently Israel's Defense Minister, favored doing so. Others, including Mrs. Meir and Yigal Allon, now Israel's Foreign Minister, initially opposed the project. So did Ben-Gurion's successor as Premier, Levi Eshkol. The Israeli equivalent of the U.S. National Security Council vetoed the separation-plant project in early 1968. Shortly afterward, Eshkol discovered that Dayan—in the wake of the 1967 Six-Day War—had secretly ordered the start of construction on an S.P. Eshkol and his advisers felt that they could only rubber-stamp a project already under way.

Dayan believes that a nuclear capability is essential to Israel. "Israel has no choice," he recently told *TIME* Correspondent Marlin Levin. "With our manpower we cannot physically, financially or economically go on acquiring more and more tanks and more and more planes. Before long you will have all of us maintaining and oiling the tanks."

Some Western intelligence experts believe that Israel conducted an underground nuclear test in the Negev in

<sup>1</sup>A symbolic reference to the state of Israel. The first two temples were destroyed by invading Babylonians around 586 B.C. and by the Romans in A.D. 70.

## THE WORLD

1963, and that preparation of nuclear material for assembly into A-bombs began soon thereafter. The S.P. was completed in 1969, but Israel did not immediately begin manufacturing bombs. Instead, Israeli scientists concentrated on developing new methods for shortening the time necessary to produce nuclear weapons.

The Dimona research facility and

the separation plant are protected not only by Israeli troops but by highly sophisticated electronic systems and radar screens that operate around the clock. All aircraft—including Israeli military planes—are barred from flying over the areas where the nuclear plants are located. During the Six-Day War, in fact, an Israeli Mirage III—either out of control or with its communications gear in-

operative—inadvertently flew over Dimona. Israeli defenders shot it down with a ground-to-air missile. In 1973 a Libyan airliner flying from Benghazi to Cairo lost its way because of a navigational error and flew toward a forbidden area. Israeli fighters tried to turn it back. Then, for security reasons, they shot it down, causing the death of 108 of the 113 people aboard.

## RHODESIA

# A Portrait in Black and White

Time is slowly running out for white rule in Rhodesia. An intensive campaign by exiled guerrillas may be months off, but the chances of finding a peaceful path to equitable power-sharing between the country's 278,000 whites and 6.1 million blacks now appear to be spent. Negotiations between Rhodesia's white Prime Minister, Ian Smith, and the country's leading black moderate, Joshua Nkomo, have collapsed. Britain's offer to resume transitional control of its breakaway colony, predicated on elections leading to black majority rule within two years, was summarily rejected by Salisbury.

Last week Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda, Black Africa's most moderate spokesman, called on Britain to intervene with military force if necessary, arrest Smith and his "gang of illegitimates" and replace the white government with a British-led multiracial committee including representatives of the guerrilla factions as well as respected Rhodesian whites to prepare for one-man, one-vote elections. There was little hope his plea would be heeded, but his blunt language was a clear measure of widespread African frustration about how to deal with a country that, as

TIME's Nairobi Bureau Chief Lee Griggs found last week, seems increasingly out of touch with reality—and with itself.

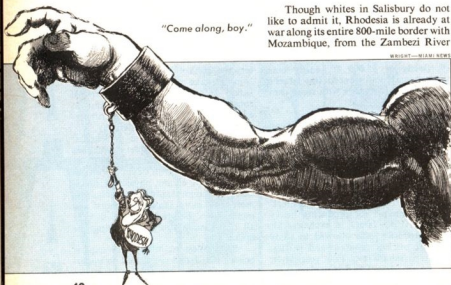
In the upper-class white Salisbury suburb of Highlands on a sunny Sunday afternoon, George and Jeanette Smith sip gin-and-tonic "sundowners" around the swimming pool behind their handsome \$50,000 two-story stone home. Both are Rhodesian-born and -bred, in their late 30s, and not particularly prosperous by Salisbury standards. "We couldn't afford to live like this anywhere else," admits George, a junior partner in a local law firm. Like many other white Rhodesians, he has been called up for military reserve duty three times in the past year, and has had to spend 82 days away from his law practice. "Annoying business, but necessary," he says. "I dare say it may become a bit more hairy along the border now that the talks between Smith and Nkomo have broken down. But our chaplains can cope with the terrorists. We all pitch in to preserve what we have here." He gestures with his glass toward the pool and the house. "You outsiders are forever comparing us to passengers on the Titanic. Well, if you're right, at least we'll go down first class."

Though whites in Salisbury do not like to admit it, Rhodesia is already at war along its entire 800-mile border with Mozambique, from the Zambezi River

in the north to the Limpopo in the south. Local villages have been terrorized by black guerrillas, buildings burned, cars ambushed on lonely roads in broad daylight, buses blown up by mines. Army helicopters hunt guerrillas in scrubland and forested hill country along the frontier, and patrols in brown and green camouflage probe cautiously through the brush, automatic weapons at the ready. To protect themselves, white farmers have installed pushbutton alarm systems that alert police posts in case of attack. Fierce Rhodesian ridgeback dogs roam the grounds, and thick steel mesh covers many windows. Some have even dug sandbagged slit trenches in their yards to provide quick cover. Almost nobody drives after sunset, and evening social life has evaporated. "This is costing me a packet," says one farmer. "But there's no other life for me. My father farmed here before me, and no bloody blacks are going to drive me out."

Salisbury weekends are spent at rugby, polo, squash or cricket, bowling on immaculate greens, golfing at Royal Salisbury, or visiting the paddock at Borrowdale Race Course (where blacks have separate stands). Cocktail chitchat centers on vacation plans and where to board the dog (a current favorite is one kennel that advertises: "Our boarders are exclusively handled by European staff"). There is mild pique that plans to visit popular highland resorts near the Mozambique border must now be abandoned ("not really safe, you know"), but some relief that gas rationing has been eased. "The people over there depend on us for jobs, money and food," says a Highlands polo player, pointing to the sprawling African townships of Highfield and Harare eight miles outside Salisbury. "They know that if they start something, we'll leave and the country will collapse. They'll be in a bind without us, and the smart ones know better than to cause trouble."

In the past year, at least 3,000 black Rhodesians, many of them disillusioned teen-agers, have disappeared from schools, farms and factories all over the country. They have slipped across the



"Come along, boy."



Rhodesian reservists (above) guard white settler near Mozambique frontier. Mozambique troops (below) cheer border closing with Rhodesia.





Clockwise: Mozambique crowd with banner urging "Down with Ian Smith"; Rhodesian police superintendent reviewing parade; cadets in Rhodesian paramilitary group; heavily armed soldier in Rhodesian army.

Mozambique border to join an estimated 10,000 to 15,000 rebels in the United Zimbabwe (the African name for Rhodesia) People's Army, convinced that armed struggle against the white regime in Salisbury is the only way to bring about black majority rule. There the guerrillas' anonymous 18-member high command sees that they are issued arms (usually Chinese-made AK-47 automatic rifles) and given basic training by Chinese instructors. Mozambique veterans of the decade-long guerrilla war against Portugal show them how to plant mines, lay ambushes, surround and storm farmhouses. Some 1,000 cadres have slipped back across the border to carry out terrorist raids within Rhodesia.

The Salisbury government professes not to be worried. But the defense budget has more than doubled in the past three years to \$96.5 million, and the armed forces beefed up from 5,000 to 12,000 regulars. General mobilization could raise that to 35,000. Hundreds of foreigners—Britons, Portuguese colonials from Angola, South Africans and Americans—have also been signed on, and mercenaries are being recruited in Britain and the U.S. But the white manpower pool is stretched thin, and the military is increasingly turning to blacks, who make up more than half the army and three-quarters of the paramilitary police force. "They are absolutely first-class soldiers," says Defense Minister P.K. Van der Byl. He insists that he has no qualms about their loyalty.

*PRAY FOR RHODESIA implores a bumper sticker seen on many cars in Salisbury these days. Signs in public places warn against loose talk that might jeopardize security. STICKS AND STONES CAN BREAK YOUR BONES, BUT WORDS CAN KILL YOU reads one. A BOAST NOW, A BOMB LATER goes another. Over lunch at the staid Salisbury Club, business and government leaders dismiss those who worry about the future as "dismal Jimmys." But many are quietly preparing what they refer to as "fallback positions," slowly salting away nest eggs abroad despite Rhodesia's stiff system of restrictions on overseas capital transfers. More houses than ever are up for sale, but there are few takers. Last year nearly 10,000 whites left Rhodesia for good. The country's white population was maintained by Portuguese immigrants from Angola and Mozambique, but today more than half the whites hold non-Rhodesian passports (mostly British and South African); less than a third are Rhodesian-born.*

The government has forcibly moved more than 200,000 blacks from their ancestral tribal kraals into what are euphemistically called "consolidated" and "protected" villages. The latter, for all practical purposes, are concentration camps, with high chain-link fences, huge floodlights and constant armed patrols. Residents are searched on entering and leaving; violators of the dusk-to-dawn

curfew risk being shot on sight. The Smith government says the camps are to protect the tribes from terrorist intimidation. But many of the inhabitants are considered security risks and the camps are intended to prevent them from feeding and aiding the guerrillas. Meanwhile, the tribespeople complain, their farms have been left to ruin and their cattle to die.

*Constant call-ups of military reserves have made Forces Requests the most listened-to record program on Radio Rhodesia. Dedications range from tough to touching—"Give them what for, son, we're proud of you,"—"All my love and kisses, darling, hurry home." But not all the troops come home. Since January, 15 members of the security forces have been killed in skirmishes with guerrillas, and newspapers regularly carry obituaries and eulogies from comrades-in-arms in "killed on active service" columns.*

Amnesty International, the London-based organization that investigates political repression around the world, last week charged that torture of blacks in Rhodesia is "now employed almost as routine practice by both police and security forces." The methods include beatings, electric shock by electrodes and cattle prods, suspension in barrels of water, threats of castration. Preventive detention of black activists has long been commonplace (three leaders—Joshua Nkomo, Robert Mugabe and the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole—together spent 30 years in jail). At least 700 political prisoners have been held for ten years or longer, said Amnesty.

Salisbury's whites enjoy one of the highest standards of living in the world. On an average wage of \$8,000 a year, they can buy a three- or four-bedroom house on an acre of land with two bathrooms and swimming pool for \$46,000 and a 7.75% mortgage. The climate is mild, taxes are low (5%), and good education is available at little cost. A decade of economic sanctions imposed by the United Nations has caused little hardship. Almost everything is available for a price, from caviar to cars to calculators. Most households employ two or three domestic servants at wages of \$25 to \$50 a month. Nonetheless, two in every seven white Rhodesian marriages end in divorce—the highest rate of "marital failure" in the world after Israel.

In the all-black townships of Highfield and Harare outside Salisbury, the tin-roofed, cement-floored cinder-block

houses are packed six to the acre. Blacks are not allowed to own their own homes. Instead, they must rent them from the Salisbury city council. Only the main streets are paved and lighted, although most homes now have electricity and running water. The schools are segregated and definitely unequal. The government spent \$56 per black pupil last year, \$494 for every white pupil. "We don't want to drive the Europeans out," says a black bricklayer who lives with nine relatives in a two-room house in Harare. "But they have everything and we have nothing. This is not fair. We are being cheated. Let them share the country and the money more evenly, and they are welcome to stay. But Smith will never

SALISBURY—GAMMA—LIAISON



RHODESIA'S PRIME MINISTER IAN SMITH

"At least we'll go down first class."

do that, and so we will have to fight."

*Crime in white Salisbury has always been low, and guerrilla terrorism has not yet touched the capital. But most whites pack a pistol in the house and some (illegally) in the glove compartment of the car. Distrust of domestic servants is growing; the woman who has a foreign houseboy from Malawi or South Africa is considered lucky. "They're, well, more dependable," says a secretary who lives in one of the newer white suburbs named, perhaps prophetically, Gun Hill.*

Several arms caches have been discovered in Highfield and Harare by the newly formed PUTU (Police Urban Terrorism Unit), but a police captain admits that "we probably got only the tip of the iceberg. God knows how much stuff is squirreled away out there." Black feeling has grown more militant now that the talks between Smith and Nkomo have failed. "Nkomo gave it a good go," says a black shopkeeper in High-

## THE WORLD

field, "but now he's had it. Now we will have to fight one way or the other."

Salisbury's Meikles Hotel still serves excellent Scottish smoked salmon in its elegant La Fontaine restaurant. As she nibbled at a portion last week, a well-dressed Salisbury matron observed that "the brouhaha over black rule was a bit of a bother, but the talks are ended and that's all over now." Did she see anything ominous in the breakdown of black-white dialogue? "Oh heavens, no. My servant tells me all of his people want us to stay and run the country. He's terribly trustworthy, you know."

One of the measures that embitter blacks most is the Land Tenure Act of 1970. The law divided the country in two. Rhodesia's 278,000 whites got the right to own land in the richest and most fertile half. (Ian Smith has two 10,000-acre spreads.) The other half, often untillable bush country, went to the country's 6.1 million blacks. Today more than half the blacks live outside the cash economy, bartering livestock or farm produce for the bare necessities of life. Fewer than 1 million have regular jobs. The average white wage is \$8,080; the average black wage is \$640. Cotton pickers are paid 35¢ a bag. Starting salary for black miners is 65¢ for an eight-hour shift. Since the right to vote is tied to income and property, blacks are effectively cut out: only 7,500 blacks v. 87,000 whites make enough to qualify.

"We've had terrorist incursions for twelve years now, and these haven't worried us," says Ian Smith. "In the past, when they came by the hundreds, they were killed by the hundreds. If in the future they come by the thousands, they will be killed by the thousands." Despairs a Rhodesian lawyer who opposes Smith's leadership: "All we can do is plead with Smith for some sense from the sidelines. He is both stubborn and blind to reality, but it seems we're stuck with him."

## BRITAIN

### Suiting Up for 10 Downing Street

Employment Secretary Michael Foot is usually seen in public wearing the kind of clothes that produce sighs of despair along Savile Row. Last week, however, he had taken to wearing jackets and trousers that actually matched. Foreign Secretary James Callaghan, who is normally neat but not resplendent, took his front-bench seat in the House of Commons in an impeccable double-breasted suit and rich gray silk tie suitable for an audience with the Queen. There was good reason for the sartorial preening: after the second ballot of Labor Party members was counted, Callaghan and Foot were the remaining contenders in the race for the party leadership—and with it, the move to 10 Downing Street as resigned Prime Minister Harold Wilson's successor.

The winner was to have been decided by a third ballot scheduled for Monday this week. "Big Jim" Callaghan was the odds-on choice to take it; he won 141 votes on the second ballot, to Foot's 133. Thereafter, the two vied for the 38 votes that went to Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey, who as low man in that vote automatically dropped out of the race; most of his backers were expected to side with Callaghan, who needs at most 17 additional votes to win.

The surprise in the leadership fight has been not the strength of Callaghan but the drawing power of Party Left-Winger Michael Foot, who led the first ballot with 90 votes, to 84 for the Foreign Secretary. Home Secretary Roy Jenkins, a favorite of Labor intellectuals, polled only a disappointing 56 votes on that ballot. Along with two other contenders—Energy Secretary Anthony Wedgwood Benn, a leftist, and middle-road Environment Secretary Anthony Crosland—Jenkins dropped out.

**Strict Limits.** A passionate socialist, Foot won backing not just from the party's left wing, but even from some center-right M.P.s who admire his integrity. It was Foot and his friend Jack Jones, powerful boss of the Transport and General Workers' Union, who last summer persuaded the unions to accept strict limits on wage increases as a necessary means of fighting Britain's inflation rate, which was then running at 26%.

In the final balloting, though, that valuable service to Labor's cause may not have been enough. A notoriously unorthodox administrator, Foot has been a Cabinet minister only since 1974 and has never held any of the top portfolios normally considered essential background for No. 10. Beyond that, Foot was thought to be especially vulnerable in a general election campaign against Tory Leader Margaret Thatcher. In one *Sunday Times* poll, only 7% of the La-

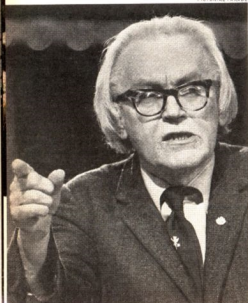


CALLAGHAN SPEAKING IN LONDON  
Ready for an audience?

bor voters named Foot as their first choice to be Prime Minister; 33% found him "not acceptable." Callaghan, on the other hand, was the first choice of 48%.

Callaghan appealed to many Laborites as a pragmatic politician with a shrewd, intuitive sense of what the average voter wants. Some Labor M.P.s were bothered by the fact that, like Wilson, he seems impossible to pin down ideologically. Christopher Mayhew, a former Labor M.P. who entered Parliament with Callaghan in 1945, recalled that the new M.P. was even then a leader, hustling about to corral his fellow freshmen for a meeting. "But on the great issues of the day," recalls Mayhew, "there was no indication of where he stood."

As Prime Minister, Callaghan would certainly have to tackle some great issues—notably Britain's pressing economic problems. As a member of two Wilson Cabinets, he committed himself to the cutback in government spending outlined in Denis Healey's White Paper (TIME, March 1). Michael Foot's strong showing has aroused leftist hopes for greater leverage, but actually Callaghan could use Foot's enhanced position to keep the left in line. If the deputy leader of the party, Edward Short, obliges, Foot could well inherit that title—thus giving Callaghan broad party backing for anti-inflationary policies. The blurring of right-left distinctions in the party might also give Callaghan the opportunity to break from Harold Wilson's practice of apportioning Cabinet portfolios among the party's factions. He could then concentrate on appointing younger men of talent who will be needed in the party's leadership.



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## Reconsidering the Death Penalty

At lunch in the U.S. Supreme Court dining room recently, two of the Justices were chatting about the court's reconsideration of the death penalty, the third time in the past four years that the subject has been before the high bench for full review. "I don't see why the rest of us have to sit through this again," joked one Justice. "Potter, Byron and John Stevens could decide this one by themselves."

The arithmetic underlying that galows humor, reports TIME Supreme Court Correspondent David Beckwith, should be chilling to those who last week presented oral arguments asking the court to eliminate capital punishment finally and completely. For the remark

around the ruling: "a mandatory death penalty for specified offenses." With unaccustomed speed, 35 states and the Federal Government have since passed versions of just such a law.

Defense attorneys for three white and three black condemned murderers in five of those states were arguing last week that the new "mandatory" laws operated in the same unconstitutionally "capricious" way that earlier laws had. Stanford Law Professor Anthony Amsterdam, who has led the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund's long war against executions, contended that even if the new laws require neutral enforcement of the death penalty there is inevitably "play" in the system. Prosecutors, for example, can always decide against bringing a capital charge and juries can convict for a lesser offense. This "elaborate winning process," said Amsterdam,

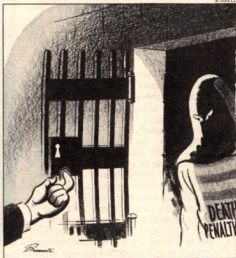
told the Justices that "it cannot rationally be questioned that capital punishment has a deterrent value." For support, he cited a complex analysis of murder-related data by University of Chicago Economist Isaac Ehrlich that indicated that from 1935 to 1969, each additional execution per year "may have resulted in seven or eight fewer murders." That startlingly precise conclusion and Ehrlich's technique have been widely criticized for, among many things, failing to consider such influences on the rising murder rate as the increasing number of guns in the U.S. But the fact remains: Ehrlich has offered the first serious statistical support for a proposition that is instinctively shared by many.

**Needed Revenge.** Support for capital punishment, according to the Gallup poll, has increased from 50% in 1972 to 64% in 1974. Almost certainly that shift

RICHARD THOMAS



**SOLICITOR GENERAL BORK**  
*The death penalty deters.*



R. S. S.

SPRINGMANN—BLACK STAR



**LAW PROFESSOR AMSTERDAM**  
*But it is capricious.*

assumed that Chief Justice Warren Burger and Justices Harry Blackmun, William Rehnquist and Lewis Powell, who voted against finding the death penalty cruel and unusual punishment in 1972, will continue to hold to that position. If new Justice John Paul Stevens joins them or if either Potter Stewart or Byron White switches sides, then the nine-year nationwide executions hiatus will be near an end.

**Mandatory Play.** That moratorium was reinforced in 1972 when five Justices, including the now-retired William O. Douglas, filed separate opinions that appeared to add up to a holding that the death penalty violated the Eighth Amendment because it was then being imposed in a "freakish," "arbitrary" and "capricious" manner. Seizing on the Justices' own dicta, a committee of the National Association of Attorneys General within six months recommended what it considered the best way

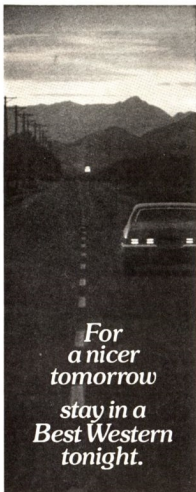
means that only an arbitrarily selected few are sentenced to death.

There is support for Amsterdam's view in the working experience of other mandatory sentencing states. In 1970, first-degree murder in Pennsylvania carried a mandatory punishment of life imprisonment, but a team of researchers, led by University of Chicago Law Professor Franklin Zimring, reports in a forthcoming study that plea bargaining and lesser charges were regularly used to evade the law's intent, suggesting to the authors "that legislation prescribing mandatory capital punishment for premeditated or felony-murder would not be mandatory in effect." Supporters of mandatory executions answer that the new capital punishment laws do as well as is humanly and systemically possible and that the death penalty is necessary to deter violent crime.

Solicitor General Robert Bork, speaking for the Ford Administration,

reflects public fear and desire for retribution, which have accompanied the nation's still-rising crime rate. "I believe the death penalty is a needed revenge for society," says Iowa Attorney General Richard Turner. "It has a cleansing effect." Tufts Philosopher Hugo Bedau, a longtime foe of capital punishment, believes that while more people want the legal possibility of capital punishment, "it is unclear that the public wants executions. What they want seems to be an occasional execution."

If a condemned man is actually put to death in the U.S., predicts Bedau, "it will be a traumatic moment. There are 529 people under death sentences right now. And I don't think any Governor or judge is anxious to be the guy to let the bloodbath begin." The nine judges of the Supreme Court may not be anxious either, but by the end of June they will announce what they believe the Constitution requires them to do.



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## A No to Sodomy

Whatever the outcome of the death penalty argument, the Supreme Court rendered a surprising and unexplained decision in a different sphere of law last week: sodomy. By a vote of 6 to 3 the high court summarily ruled that a Virginia sodomy statute was constitutional. That action, unaccompanied by any written opinion, left civil libertarians and homosexual activists thunderstruck.

The court in recent years has been expanding the right to privacy in sexual matters, and sodomy laws seemed a plausible next target. American Civil Liberties Union lawyers for John Doe and Robert Roe, two anonymous homosexuals, decided to challenge the Virginia statute before a Richmond three-judge federal panel, though the two had not been charged with any offense.

Judge Robert Merhige, 57, thought that previous U.S. Supreme Court decisions meant that "private consensual sex acts between adults are matters, absent evidence that they are harmful, in which the state has no legitimate interest." But Judges Albert V. Bryan, 76, and Oren R. Lewis, 73, held that the state could ban such conduct because it "is likely to end in a contribution to moral delinquency." It was their ruling, though not necessarily their reasoning, that was upheld by the high court last week. The three dissenters would have heard full arguments before handing down a decision that now stands as a national precedent.

Quickly, the National Gay Task Force, which paid some of the litigation costs, criticized the decision as a product of "homophobia." The ruling might also have application to large numbers of heterosexuals. The Virginia statute, like most sodomy laws, specifically prohibits not homosexuality but anal intercourse, fellatio and cunnilingus no matter the sex of those engaged in such acts. Various sex surveys report that perhaps 80% of all U.S. adults have engaged in at least one of those.

## Karen's Precedent

If the concept of privacy failed to strike down sodomy bans, it nonetheless was used last week to create the most important precedent to date in the complicated area of a person's right to live and die. It came in a unanimous ruling by the New Jersey Supreme Court in the much-discussed case of Karen Anne Quinlan (TIME, Nov. 3). After apparently downing some pills and drinks a year ago, Karen, 22, had fallen into a vegetative coma, and her father asked for court authority to remove a life-supporting respirator so that she could die "with grace and dignity." Her mother believed that God had kept Karen alive "so that others could be helped" by a ruling on when life may become death.

But because Karen was not "brain dead," few lawyers were surprised when

Judge Robert Muir ruled against any "pulling of the plug." Last week the state Supreme Court turned that result around. Chief Justice and former Governor Richard Hughes concluded that if doctors and a hospital ethics committee agree "that there is no reasonable possibility of Karen's ever emerging from her present comatose condition... the life-support system may be withdrawn... without any civil or criminal liability" for anyone involved.

Noting that a patient may sometimes decline medical treatment, Hughes held that the state's interest in preserving life "weakens and the individual's right to privacy grows as the degree of bodily invasion increases and the prognosis dims." The chief justice added that if a patient cannot exercise his or her rights, then a guardian—usually the next of kin—may do so. The court thus



THE QUINLANS AFTER DECISION  
Her case did "help others."

entrusted her father, Joseph Quinlan, with Karen's right to die, and he may turn to other doctors or hospitals if Karen's present medical caretakers continue to refuse to disconnect the respirator.

No precipitate end to Karen's life is likely, since her family will wait until the state of New Jersey has decided whether to take the case to the U.S. Supreme Court. Meanwhile, most legal observers found little fault with the decision. "It goes along with what is already normally done by doctors in cases where it is determined that additional treatment will have no ameliorative effect," says Attorney Stanton Price, a lecturer at the U.C.L.A. School of Public Health. Columbia Politics Professor Alan Westin, author of *Privacy and Freedom*, adds: "The court has said that, whether it's abortion or other matters, these difficult and tragic decisions should lodge with the family and not the state."

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WASHINGTON POST REPORTERS BOB WOODWARD & CARL BERNSTEIN IN WASHINGTON

### Instant Replay on Nixon

"These guys are damned able reporters," says a former aide to Richard Nixon. "I have a high respect for them. But the tapestry they've woven is a bad one."

That criticism of the new Bob Woodward-Carl Bernstein Watergate book, *The Final Days* (Simon & Schuster; \$10.95), is typical of the reaction of most Nixon associates. By and large: 1) they make no claims that the book contains any substantial factual errors; 2) they protest that the total portrayal is a distortion; 3) they offer criticism with the stipulation that the source of the complaint not be publicly named.

That is not true of Nixon son-in-law David Eisenhower, 28, who says that he had two sessions with the reporters as they researched the book. "I've been used as authority for their overall theme that Mr. Nixon was a basket case at the end of Watergate," he says. "I don't think it was a bad-faith distortion, but I think they were a little single-minded." Eisenhower contends that he "kept waiting for Mr. Nixon to crack" and he did not, but that the book portrays Nixon "as a kind of broken man—emotionally and mentally and every other way. He wasn't." Eisenhower denies that he ever feared Nixon might commit suicide, as the book reported. "I never felt that," he insists. "He was fundamentally a religious man, and he simply would not have done that."

Nixon's other son-in-law, Edward Cox, 29, denies the book's claim that he had expressed fear of a Nixon suicide and insists that he never said the President was walking the White House

halls at night, "talking to the pictures on the wall." Eisenhower supports Cox's denial.

One former Nixon associate willing to be quoted makes a probably valid general complaint. J. Fred Buzhardt, Nixon's embattled former counsel and clearly a key source for the book, protests against "psychojournalism." He says: "They write about my thought processes. I don't know how anybody can derive that, for honestly I can't myself." Eisenhower agrees: "Distortion creeps in when they are attributing chains of thought to participants. Didn't Mr. Nixon look horrible that night of Aug. 27? That was not what was running through my mind. He didn't look good, but he didn't look all that bad, either."

**Merely High.** Three men who attended a pre-Christmas 1973 dinner at which Nixon is depicted as too drunk to talk coherently insist that he was merely high, understandably relaxing at the end of a rough day, but he was by no means a lush. Similarly, Helen Smith, Pat Nixon's former press secretary, denies that Pat drank heavily. "I never heard of any afternoon drinking by her," she says. Another aide protested that the celebrated scene in which Nixon prays with Henry Kissinger makes the President "look like a nut," while, by contrast, "when Jimmy Carter prays, it's moral leadership."

Since the book only began appearing in a few stores last week, its critics are, of necessity, relying on excerpts in *Newsweek* and news stories relating its highlights. Inevitably, such telescoping draws a starker picture of the turmoil



NIXON & ROOSEVELT IN CALIFORNIA  
Some wounds are self-inflicted.

and disintegration than does the book itself. Those who complain, as does one Nixon defender, that "the totality comes across as more lurid than it actually was," thus have a point. The book, read as a whole, is more balanced; it contains passages that present a somewhat softer, fuller picture of the leading players in the drama. "We don't make any generalizations about Nixon being mad or being a lush," explains Bernstein, accurately. "We don't say that because he's drunk one time, he's drunk all the time." Nixon is, in fact, depicted in the book as fully lucid only moments after seeming in near collapse. Kissinger reportedly spoke of Nixon as a "meathead" (Kissinger has denied using that phrase) and described him as acting "like a madman." But he is also shown praising the President as a hardheaded negotiator.

Yet these were, after all, the last days of a President being forced from office, and the authors cannot be severely faulted for dwelling on the rougher moments, the vignettes of defeat and disarray. "The book is about what hasn't been written—the darker side," says Woodward. "We checked it out, and that's why we included it."

Woodward and Bernstein say they went to work on *The Final Days* within a week of Nixon's resignation. They started by interviewing secretaries and other low-level White House staff members. "We didn't want to give people a chance at hindsight," says Bernstein. Within two weeks they learned that Kis-

## THE PRESS

singer was taping or transcribing his own telephone conversations. Eventually "13 people told us about it." As they gathered information, they used it to open up higher sources. Woodward talked to Kissinger in one 30-min. session and had two 30-min. meetings with Larry Eagleburger, Kissinger's top aide. Woodward pursued former Chief of Staff Alexander Haig all the way to Brussels, where he is now NATO commander. The reporters had several lunches with Haig's son, Alex Jr., a student at Georgetown University Law Center.

Haig denies talking to the reporters about Nixon's last days and refuses to comment on the book's contents. Kissinger also declines to get into any point-by-point rebuttal, but insists that Nixon was fully aware that he recorded or transcribed his telephone calls with the President. President Ford said: "I never saw any instance where [Nixon] was in danger of his own life, nor did I see any incident or any attitude where I thought he might do something that would endanger the country." Nixon so far has refused to discuss the book publicly. Leading a still reclusive life in San Clemente, the former President and his wife did venture out two weeks ago for cocktails and dinner at the Corona del Mar, Calif., home of the James Roosevelts.

**Dark Emphasis.** If the book is substantially accurate, with perhaps only some overemphasis on the darker side, the question remains: Should the more personal descriptions of Nixon's behavior have been published? Kissinger authorized a statement deploring the authors' "indecent lack of compassion." Betty Ford argued that parts of the book "could have been omitted." One of Watergate's heroes, former Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox, went further, saying of those who talked to Woodward and Bernstein: "They should be ashamed of themselves."

All this represents a troubling question for journalists: where to draw the line of discretion or taste. The fact is that Presidents and other major political figures to some extent forfeit their right to privacy by the career they have chosen. Their state of mind and their morals are subjects of legitimate concern to citizens and hence to journalists, even when the leaders are out of power or dead but especially in the case of a deep national crisis involving a President's character and personality.

Do the authors of *The Final Days* lack compassion? It is difficult to read the book without feeling some sympathy for the disgraced Nixon, no matter how thoroughly his wounds were self-inflicted. When he pleads, "Henry, please don't ever tell anyone that I cried and that I was not strong," it is a hardhearted reader who is not moved. Bernstein is on solid ground in declaring: "I'd be surprised if readers do not find the book not at all unsympathetic to the former President of the United States."

## NEWSWATCH/THOMAS GRIFFITH

### But Jimmy, We Hardly Knew Ye

A lot of people are having trouble finding out who Jimmy Carter is and what he stands for, but nowhere is the problem more acute than in Washington, and among its journalists. There, Carter seems to suffer less from being unknown than from being an outsider.

Carter asked for it in running against Washington. This tactic very early off-ended, among others, James Reston of the *New York Times*, long the most respected reporter in town. Reston, a man whose calls are always returned, a man not lightly placed on hold, so dominates the local scene that he writes possessively of Washington in a pronominally collective style that might be called *Capital We*. In February, Reston denounced all three outside presidential candidates—Carter, Reagan and Wallace—for running against the capital: "Washington is agitated and irritated by all these campaign maneuvers... It has made fundamental blunders and acknowledges them, but in the last two generations, it has rescued the nation from social and economic disruption."

Carter's outsidership is a particular embarrassment to Washington journalists whose intimate knowledge of Washington politicians is an essential part of their expertise. Those columnists and commentators elevated enough to have shared late-night confidences with Henry and Hubert, to have sat around Georgetown dinner tables with Senators (and their wives), don't know Carter that way. Richard Reeves of *New York* magazine accepted Carter's breakfast invitation more than a year ago, but "I thought he was wasting his time (and mine) and I can't remember a word he said." Carter in turn seems to regard the Georgetown—Chevy Chase dinner set as others regard the military-industrial complex: something mysterious, powerful and probably sinister.

There have been several recent bridge-building occasions, including one at the home of Columnist Clayton Fritchey. The *Washington Post's* Sally Quinn reported that on one such occasion Carter looked on sympathetically at the Kennedy, McCarthy and Humphrey loyalists and said, "You know, you're a scarred group of people." Washington journalists, knowledgeable in the nation's problems and the contrariness of politics, have a hard time believing that anyone not in Washington residence can really be well informed. Not knowing Carter, bewildered by his reserve, they have redoubled their efforts to smoke him out.

That is journalism's business, the public is served, and Carter can hardly complain. Tom Wicker examines Carter's evasions and finds him only "candidly ambiguous"; Joe Kraft hunches that he won't go all the way, but will be the vice-presidential nominee. There are antagonists too, naturally: Rowland Evans and Robert Novak from their outpost closer to Jackson's camp lob unfriendly questions at "the smiling peanut farmer from Georgia." David Broder cannot decide whether Carter "is the most promising political figure to emerge in the 1970s or the most skillful demagogue."

When Carter, moving at last into a more familiar Washington orbit, get the speechwriting help of such O.K. types as Columbia University Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski and Lawyer Cyrus Vance for a Chicago foreign policy address, Reston was strangely scornful: "He has made great progress by being dead honest, but in Chicago he was pretending, and if he pretends he may lose everything." Reston is usually more generous about politicians and notes that Lincoln, too, "did not argue the particular issues that divided the American people, but avoided these divisions and appealed to their common ideals."

After once arguing that outsiders cannot possibly know and front runners usually disappear, capital gurus are now taking seriously the idea that Jimmy

Carter may get the nomination. Their reservations to date are proper. Yet their swiftly changing attitude toward "Wee Jimmy" (Reston's phrase) recalls at least the first phase of how Parisian journalists treated Napoleon in the 20 days after he escaped from Elba and landed in France: "The monster has escaped from his place of exile." "The Corsican werewolf has landed at Cannes." "The tyrant has reached Lyon." "The usurper has dared to advance within 150 miles of the capital." "Tomorrow Napoleon will be at our gates." "His Majesty is at Fontainebleau."



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## MAX ERNST: The Compleat Experimenter

"Rebellious, heterogeneous, full of contradiction, [my work] is unacceptable to specialists of art, culture, morality. But it does have the ability to enchant my accomplices: poets, pataphysicians\* and a few illiterates." Thus Max Ernst (tongue poked its usual quarter-length into one rubicund cheek) summed up his own career at the age of 68. "Accomplices" was the key word, for it is hard to look at a Max Ernst without feeling a pact between his secret language and one's own fantasies. The carnivorous or petrified landscapes, the enchanted pencil forests, the enigmatic rooms in which sinister things happen—these constitute a world on the other side of the mirror, access to which depends on an involuntary conspiracy with the artist.

Twenty years ago, Ernst was still a minority taste (a large minority, it is true). But when he died last week in Paris, one day short of his 85th birthday, a chapter in the history of modern culture closed. Ernst was our century's incarnation of Hermes, the agile trickster, and we will not see his like again. He was, with the more phlegmatic René Magritte, the best of all the artists connected with surrealism—the master of the "alternative" tradition of mystery, unreason and demonic wit.

Childhood endowed Ernst with a rich compost of obsessions. His father was a fiercely authoritarian Roman Catholic, an amateur painter who taught in a school for deaf-mutes in the Rhineland town of Brühl. Little Max briefly persuaded this eccentric sire that he was the child Jesus. Memories of this sort underlie Ernst's most notorious work of anticlerical wit, a spanking Madonna entitled *The Blessed Virgin Chastises the Infant Jesus Before Three Witnesses* (1926). When his baby sister was born and his favorite bird, a pink cockatoo, died on the same day in 1906, a whole sequence of bird fantasies was set in train. Generally they were alarming: *Two Children Are Threatened by a Nightingale* (1924) is filled with the de Chirico-like sense of loss and displacement, frozen in its tiny frame with all the bright inescapability of a dream.

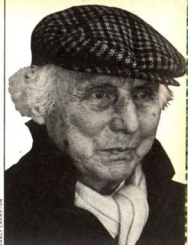
Ernst as a nervous, impressionable boy, in constant friction with authority, was in every way the father of the surrealist man: he even read Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*. It was World War I that clinched Ernst's attitudes to authority. He spent the war years in the German army, in both France and Poland. When he came out of the army he found comradeship with a generation of gifted, irascible young intel-

lectuals and artists whose loathing of that "whole immense *Schweineerei* of the imbecilic war" crossed the frontiers of Europe: Jean Arp and Tristan Tzara in Zurich, George Grosz, John Heartfield and Raoul Hausmann in Berlin, Kurt Schwitters in Hannover, André Breton and his growing circle in Paris.

For these men who formed the nucleus of the short-lived Dada movement, the existing surface of art—its forms and language—was a repressive crust. Freedom lay in the unprecedented. For Ernst it included the discovery in 1919 of an old catalogue, full of engravings of all sorts of objects. That catalogue, cut up by its discoverer to make new configurations of its images, was a mother lode of modern art, and the collages Ernst extracted from it, like *The Horse, He's Sick* (1920), have never been equaled in their ironic intensity, formal rigor and erotic strangeness.

Ernst had a distinct prophetic faculty: immersed in the 20th century and lacking any nostalgia, he could feel what was coming. The ruins of *The Petrified City* (1933) are both an aftertaste of the first World War and a foretaste of the second, and *The Angel of Earth* (1937), a monster prancing in devouring rage across a flat landscape, had more than a fortuitous connection with the advance of fascism. In *Europe After the Rain* (1940-42), Ernst produced a vision of spongy, iridescent ruins that deserves a place with Picasso's *Guernica* as one of the supreme documents of historical evil.

His predictive powers also had to do with art style itself. Having fled from Occupied France to the U.S. (where he married Peggy Guggenheim, his third wife, in 1941), he made some small paintings by swinging a punctured can of paint on a string above a canvas laid flat on the floor; the resulting pattern of drips clearly anticipates Jackson Pollock. There was no chance technique—staining, rubbing, splashing, accidental manipulation, transfer blots—that Ernst did not pioneer; and if the work of his last 30 years (except for the sculpture, which is still much underrated) rarely seemed as impressive as his early collages or his dreamlike images of the '20s and '30s, it still bore testimony to one of the most durable and fertile talents of our entire culture, a great enemy of the trivial and the bogus and the solemn. **Robert Hughes**



MAX ERNST

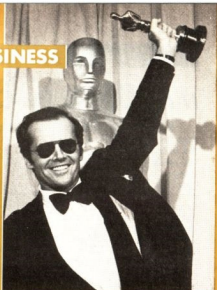
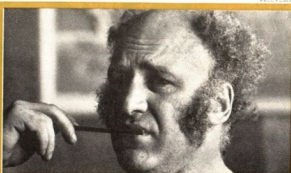
\*"Pataphysics," wrote its founder, poet Alfred Jarry, in 1898, is "the science of the realm beyond metaphysics." It will study the laws that govern exceptions and "explain the universe supplementary to this one."

THE ANGEL OF THE EARTH; TWO CHILDREN ARE THREATENED BY A NIGHTINGALE



## SHOW BUSINESS

### Cloudcuckooland for the Oscars



THE CUCKOO CROWD: MIKE DOUGLAS, KEN KESEY, JACK NICHOLSON, MILOS FORMAN (WITH HIS SONS), LOUISE FLETCHER

The most eloquent message from last week's 48th Academy Awards went by hand. It said: "Thank you for teaching me to have a dream. You are seeing my dream come true." Louise Fletcher, who had just won an Oscar for Best Actress of the Year, was passing along the good news in sign language to her deaf parents watching television in Birmingham, constringing the words, etching the phrases, with smooth movements of arms and hands, as tears edged down her cheeks.

Fletcher's acceptance was the third stage of a five-year sweep for *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Before her award, the movie had already won statuettes for best-adapted screenplay and for Milos Forman's direction. *Cuckoo* would proceed to win Jack Nicholson his long-deferred Best Actor Oscar and, finally, take the Best Picture prize. Not since *It Happened One Night* in 1934 had one film copped the five principal Oscars and, lest this point be overlooked, *Cuckoo* Co-Producer Michael Douglas hastened to remind everyone of it.

**Battered Wing.** The evening's other winners (Lee Grant for *Shampoo*, George Burns for *The Sunshine Boys*) were honored for supporting performances in films made snugly within the studio system. *Cuckoo*, distributed by United Artists, took 14 years to get to-

gether and took off on a battered wing and a profane prayer. Movie rights to Ken Kesey's intricate, explosive 1962 novel had been owned by Kirk Douglas for well over a decade. Douglas had played the role of the roustabout McMurphy on Broadway, and wanted to make the movie himself. There were no backers. Prospective producers were put off by the requisite casting of Douglas (too old, they thought, for the part), turned off by the trying subject matter, mayhem in a mental ward. Finally, in 1972 Douglas turned the rights over to his son Michael, then 27, and told him to give it a shot.

Michael, bored with his *Streets of San Francisco* TV series, got in touch with Fantasy Records Chairman Saul Zaentz, who had grown similarly restive in the music business. Zaentz pulled the financing together, and the two fledgling producers hired Czechoslovakian Director Milos Forman and per-

suaded Nicholson to play McMurphy. Nicholson was enthusiastic about the part, but, lest idealism crowd out commerce, the actor demanded a salary of \$1 million and something like 10% of the profits. The casting of Louise Fletcher as Nurse Ratched, however, represented quite another kind of risk.

**Pump People.** The part had already been turned down by, among others, Anne Bancroft, Ellen Burstyn, Colleen Dewhurst and Geraldine Page, either because they considered the character, the steel-tempered nurse, offensive to women or because, on a more practical basis, the role was neither as large nor as strong as McMurphy's. Fletcher was not in a position to be choosy. At 41, she had appeared in only one previous film (a supporting part in Robert Altman's *Thieves Like Us*) and, indeed, had dropped out of acting almost entirely after making a bright start in television in the late 1950s. Married to Jerry Bick, an agent turned producer, she had devoted most of her time to raising two sons, who are now teenagers. Forman cast her, he says, "on instinct." He liked her "peculiar detachment, her removal."

Once the movie got under way, however, it was Forman who seemed detached. He worried about not having his Mercedes on hand near the Salem, Ore., mental hospital where the movie was shot (the car was eventually driven out from New York), and kept communication with cast and crew to a minimum. Nicholson went for several weeks hardly speaking to Forman, largely by his own choice. Cinematographer Haskell Wexler, himself an Oscar winner (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*), grouched about the way things were going and was replaced halfway through the filming. Fletcher fought with Forman through 17 takes of her first day's shooting. "Milos is very authoritarian," she says. "He doesn't want to discuss anything with his actors. He wanted us to surprise him with improvisations, but

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he never told us so." Encomiums for the director at Oscar time were noticeably cursory—when, indeed, he was mentioned at all.

At least he was mentioned. The name heard hardly at all was Ken Kesey's. Unacknowledged and unhonored, Kesey maintains that he has also been ripped off. He has filed suit claiming that he is entitled to 5% of the film's gross receipts and a cool \$869,000 for damages. He has received, he says, a \$10,000 ad-

vance for a screenplay that was not used, and has become financially hard-pressed. Kesey, his wife Faye and some friends watched the Oscars on TV at their Oregon farm, noting that, save for a passing mention by Forman, nobody had anything to say about book or author. "These people, they're like pump salesmen," Kesey says. "They stand around and talk about their wonderful pumps, how marvelous they are, how good the water tastes that comes through

their pumps. They don't even seem to know the water comes from a well."

Kesey has not yet seen the film made from his book, insisting that it cannot be "truly good until they've made good with me." Still, it caused him some anguish to watch the Oscars being raked in. "I really love the movies," he says. "When they can be turned around to break your heart like this, well, it's like something that you never thought would happen."

## The Day for Night Stars

Last week TIME's art critic Robert Hughes decided to take in a live happening, Oscar night, for a change. His report:

It is mildly hallucinatory to attend the Academy Awards for the first time. One flies 3,000 miles to behold the real thing, only to wander onto the set of a long and shapeless parody of the Johnny Carson Show: all has been pre-empted by television, redesigned in terms of the 19-in. screen. The rituals of former years have gone, or at least become so attenuated as to be barely recognizable. In the old days (one remembers from childhood newsreels) the stars used to come out, as they should, at night. Their exits from the black limos would be lit by epiphanic blasts of flash powder, while searchlights wagged their fingers across the suave Los Angeles sky.

Not any more, because—due to the time differences across the continent—the Academy Awards now have to start at 7 p.m., in order to be seen on the East Coast by 10. Performed in broad daylight, the entrance ceremony has not much more glamour than a school fete—especially since most of the stars seemed to stay away this year, preferring to watch the rituals with coke spoon and TV set, at home. (Ray Bolger's dance around the steps of the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion was taped for TV two nights earlier.) The hordes of screaming fans were diminished too. There were about 2,000 of them, mostly teenyboppers, on the bleachers.

As each limo drew up, one heard a brief, collective indrawing of breath as lungs dilated for the big squal; generally it was followed by a disappointed exhalation, as the couple issuing from the Cadillac turned out to be unrecognizable. Lip gloss, hair spray, three-tone streaks, cocoa-butter tans, insecure Zapata mustaches and wine red crushed velvet tuxedos: the women looked like tennis club matrons and their escorts like croupiers. The teenies had come for Al Pacino, but he was in New York. Prodded by the euphoric booming of the outside master of ceremonies, they stayed to squal at Walter Matthau and (in some puzzlement) at the evening's representative of the muse of irony, Gore Vidal. When Elizabeth Taylor, almost the last survivor of the studio star system for which the Oscar ceremony had been created, appeared on the walkway, it was like the arrival of a galleon in a week-end fleet of fiber-glass runabouts.

Inside, the sense of dislocation increased. From up in the balcony of the theater, not much was to be seen; the actors on the big black stage were too far away, so that the audience spent its time craning for a glimpse of the TV monitors mounted along the parapets. Those who had hired opera glasses in the foyer (deposit \$25, or a California state driver's license: realists, the concessionaires) trained them on the TV sets. Where else in the world, and on what other occasion, could an enthusiast spend so much money on limos, hairdresser, clothes, ticket, only to end up watching television through a magnifying lens in the distant but verifiable presence of a real event?

The speeches of congratulation and thanks wore on. The patriotic nexus was established: "A great nation," Walter Mirisch intoned, "like a great film, can stand the test of time and the glare of critical examination." One thing that apparently flunked time's test was the anthem *America the Beautiful*. When Elizabeth Taylor unaccountably asked the crowd to sing it along with her, no one knew the words.

Following the herd instinct, several stars, including Taylor, Marlo Thomas and Marisa Berenson, ordered their gowns from Halston. The popular mode was the strapless wisp of chiffon skirt slit to the waist, that seemed about to fly off or shiver to the floor. Margaux Hemingway, looking like a jumbo stick of red-and-white peppermint candy, stumbled fetchingly over the names she read aloud; Elliott Gould, aware that practically every man present was betting on the results of the night's basketball game, produced the most popular aside of the night by muttering, when his partner intoned the ritualistic "and the winner is . . ." "Indiana 86, Michigan 68" into the mike. It was the happiest night of the expected number of lives, and one of the producers of an award-winning documentary about a crazed Japanese who skied down the flank of Everest came out with the most richly bogus solemnity of the evening: "I just wanna thank my mother, the man and the mountain."

What was it all about? Presumably no one believes that awards have a more than fortuitous connection with quality in film. As a view of a medium laboriously patting its own back, the ceremony is without equal in the world. But how can so much narcissism be combined with so little real glamour? It is the lack of illusion that makes Oscar night look moribund. There is a point when disbelief can no longer be suspended: O.J. Simpson is not Cary Grant, and although Jacqueline Bisset may be the most beautiful girl in the world, she is not Ava Gardner. Without such priests and priestesses, the fertility rite means nothing.

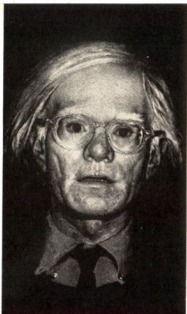
MARGAUX HEMINGWAY, ELIZABETH TAYLOR & JACQUELINE BISSET





TRUMAN CAPOTE STRIKES AGAIN

Dracula has many guises: bat, wolf and now, **Truman Capote**. Or so it would seem from the vibes caused by his short story in *Esquire* last November. Titled *La Côte Basque, 1965* and taken from his unpublished novel *Answered Prayers*, the piece focused on a posh Manhattan restaurant and its *haut monde* clientele. For his cast, Capote chose some old acquaintances, including **Jacqueline Onassis** and Sister **Lee Radziwill**, former Vogue Editor **Diana Vreeland**, Heiress-Artist **Gloria Vanderbilt**, as well as several other real people thinly cloaked in fictitious names. The author likened his gossipy story to a "minor pane" in a cathedral window. But many of his cronies considered it a major pain in the neck and accused Capote of betraying their confidences. "The reaction has been completely unjust," pouted Truman, 51, last week. "If I were not an extra-experienced, objective person, it would have crushed me." The uncrushed author is returning to *Esquire* this month with still another chapter from his *roman à clef*. Ominously titled *Unspoiled Monsters*, the new installment will describe the narrator of *Answered Prayers*, a struggling writer named P.B. Jones, and what promises to be the book's central character, a figure named Kate McCloud.

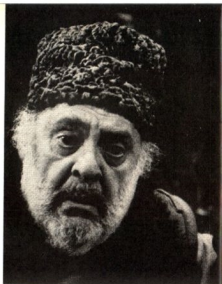


JOHN H. JOHNSON

Destined to appear as the first chapter in Capote's novel, *Monsters* follows Jones through scatological reminiscences of his life as a male prostitute in Manhattan and his years as an unsuccessful novelist living in Tangier, Paris and Venice. "I began making notes for this book eleven years ago, and I started writing three years ago," says Capote, disclosing that he has put copies of his still unfinished 800-page manuscript into two separate bank vaults. His Parthian shot: "This is my swan song. If I do anything else, it will be something short."

"I have been talking about doing a portrait of him for a couple of years," disclosed Painter **Jamie Wyeth** after unveiling his version of Pop Artist **Andy Warhol** last week. Wyeth, who tracked Warhol down to his Manhattan lair two months ago, found his model an "excellent" subject. "He has an incredible childlike quality," observed Jamie. "He was very concerned that I would use too much red in his skin, or show up a pimple." Warhol, who refuses to hang separately, has already snapped off a batch of Polaroid pictures of Wyeth. The patriarch of pop plans to have his counterpart framed in time for a gallery showing this June.

"We are a general in retirement and an admiral in mothballs," notes Actor **Peter Ustinov**. The "we" are the speaker and **Zero Mostel**, stars of an ABC-TV special. The May 18 program of four original plays, all directed by Ustinov, includes a **Neil Simon** sketch titled *A Quiet War*. In it, Mostel and friend play a couple of old Russian "Sunshine Boys" who get together every Tuesday for an argument. "We pick a different subject every week. This time it's food," says the actor-director. "We're deciding what the perfect lunch is." Sounds like a tooth-

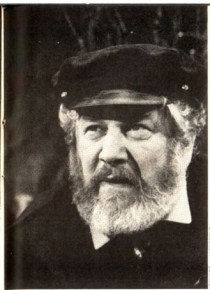


ZERO MOSTEL AND PETER USTINOV ARGUE ABOUT JAMIE WYETH'S VISION OF WARHOL

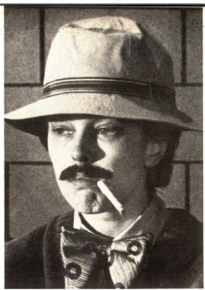
some assignment for such noted trenchermen. But Gourmet Ustinov insists that the playwright's fare is indigestible. "It's difficult to talk with obvious sensuality about things you hate—such as liver and kidneys," he beefs. "I had to do a character performance."

For an upcoming feature on the children of U.S. Presidents, editors at the *Ladies' Home Journal* hired a couple of experts on the subject: **Susan Ford**, 18, and **Lynda Bird Johnson Robb**, 32. Last week the pair visited another First Family offspring, **Helen Taft Manning**, 84, daughter of Republican President William Howard Taft. "Mrs. Robb and I gossiped about people at the White House. I have always admired the Johnsons," said Mrs. Manning. As for Susan, "She was the least bothersome photographer I have ever had, very professional and businesslike." Did the bipartisan progeny engage in any political shop-talk? Answered Manning quickly: "None at all, I assure you."

"Satisfied and vindicated" was the way Political Columnist **Joseph Kraft** described himself last week. After years of protesting illegal wiretaps on his Georgetown home, Kraft was finally given assurances from Attorney General **Edward Levi** that his FBI files would be destroyed, and that such taps "would not be authorized" any longer by the Justice Department. Kraft had first learned of the bugs back in 1973, after gaining access to his FBI dossier recently, he learned even more. During a trip to Paris by the journalist back in 1969, FBI agents arranged for a bug in his room at the George V hotel. The result? A befuddled agent's report that Kraft had spoken with a mysterious woman named Jean Monnet. "I didn't know whether to laugh or cry," said



THE FARE FOR A TELEVISION COMEDY



SANDY DENNIS AS A NUN IN MUFTI



CLORIS LEACHMAN LETS HER HAIR DOWN



PRESIDENTIAL PROGENY LYNDA JOHNSON ROBB, HELEN TAFT MANNING & SUSAN FORD

Kraft last week. Statesman **Jean Monnet**, now 87, is a founding father of Europe's Common Market.

That gremlin with the Groucho stash is really **Sandy Dennis**, disguised as a payoff man in the movie *The Abbeys*. Based on Novelist **Muriel Spark's** spoof of Watergate, *The Abbeys of Crewe*, the film features Dennis, **Melina Mercouri** and **Geraldine Page** as nuns engaging in some unholy intrigue. Says Sandy: "I play a not very bright sister who talks loudly and does what my mother used to call 'all the grunt work'—including the delivery of hush money to a men's room in Philadelphia. At that point, justice triumphs, and Sandy is nabbed as a gay on the prowl."

In the great tradition of theatrical producers, Zev Bufman is keeping subtlety in the wings. Witness his attempts to lure *Phyllis* Star **Cloris Leachman** into his stage production of *Same Time, Next Year*. "He sent three dozen roses to the

*Phyllis* set and kept pleading," recalls Leachman, 49. "The last communiqué was: 'Please come or I'll die.'" Cloris relented, along with fellow *Phyllis* Regular **Dick School**. The two are now appearing in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., where so far their fans have been mostly older folk. Says Phyllis: "I know, because the intermissions are longer so they can go to the bathroom."

"We're not formally engaged, but we're talking about getting married," coos Financier **Bernie Cornfeld**, 48, referring to his newest love interest. "She is a bright, beautiful, charming lady." Former Paris Model **Lorraine Armbruster**, 28, may also have to be brightly, beautifully, charmingly tolerant if she expects to corral her man. At the moment, Cornfeld seems reluctant to abandon his free-wheeling bachelorhood and his covey of lovely Beverly Hills roommates. "I just haven't decided if that's all going to end," he reflects. "I'm going to have to think about it more."

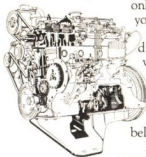


CORNFELD AND ARMBRUSTER DOUBLE UP

## PEOPLE

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But you also get more miles per gallon, because diesel fuel has more usable energy than gasoline. And because a diesel engine uses that energy more efficiently.

For instance, when you're stuck in a traffic jam a diesel engine burns about one-fourth the fuel a gas engine burns. Which is one reason the Peugeot diesel averaged 27 mpg in city driving during the 1976 EPA mileage tests. (On the highway, it averaged 35 mpg. Not bad for a luxury car.)

But since these figures are just estimates, the mileage you get will depend on where and how you drive, optional equipment and other variables. It will also depend on how well you maintain your car.

Which brings up another advantage of owning a Peugeot diesel. It never needs tune-ups because there's practically nothing to tune up. No spark plugs, points or condenser—not even a carburetor.

With advantages like that—in times like these—you're going to be seeing a lot more diesels on the road. Some of them from companies that never made them before. But diesels are nothing new to Peugeot. We built our first prototype in 1922. In 1928, we built the world's first production diesel. And in 1976, we'll build our millionth diesel.

The result of all our years of experience is a car that'll last you a good many years. A fact recently discovered by the editors of Road Test magazine, who had this to say after driving a Peugeot diesel 50,000 miles and completely tearing it apart.

"The concept of a lifetime car is a great one, and if any car should be on top of the short list of those cars, the Peugeot 504 diesel is it."

While that's the opinion of only one group of automotive experts and not a guarantee, it is, nonetheless, expert opinion.

There's one last thing you should know about the Peugeot diesel. It doesn't just come as a sedan. We also make the only diesel station wagon in America.

The Peugeot 504 diesel. It just may be the most practical car you've ever owned.



**PEUGEOT**  
A different kind of luxury car.



© 1976 Peugeot, Inc.

\*Estimated mileage figure based on national average of 32¢ a gallon for diesel fuel and average of EPA city and highway test results.

For more information, or for details on European delivery, write Peugeot, Inc., Dept. 34, 300 Kuller Road, Clifton, New Jersey 07011. Or call us anytime, toll free, at 800-243-6026. (Conn. 1-800-882-6020)

## ADVERTISING

## Back to the Hard Sell for a Lean Industry

It once seemed that the party on Madison Avenue would never end. For almost a decade, openhanded corporate clients threw dollars around like confetti to promote their products. Advertising agencies grew fat; creativity was in full flower. The most sought-after agencies turned out bright, playful ads designed to put consumers in a happy mood: Alka Seltzer's "Try it, you'll like it"; Lay's potato chips' "Bet you can't eat just one"; Noxzema shaving cream's "Take it off, take it all off."

Then two years ago, with the onset of the nation's deepest postwar recession, the balloon burst. As costs skyrocketed and the flow of corporate promotions slowed, the advertising business ran into trouble. Today, after struggling through one of the worst periods in its history, advertising is far more sober and hungry than it used to be.

Admen estimate that as economic recovery continues, real 1976 billings, discounted for inflation, should rise 4% to 5% over the year before, producing a dollar total of about \$16 billion. Even that moderate advance would be a major improvement over the past two years. In 1974, billings amounted to \$13.6 billion, which in real terms represented an actual decline from the previous year of 7%. Last year ad agencies took in \$14.6 billion, but the increase in dollar totals did not match the rate of inflation, so again real billings slightly trailed those of the year before.

**Political Help.** Bad as it was, last year would have been much worse except for some promotional windfalls. The auto industry, caught with a massive pile-up of unsold cars, launched lavish ad campaigns to boost sales by offering rebates. Bicentennial promotions also helped. But the most surprising source of ad revenues was the sprate of new brands, from toothpaste to cigarettes, turned out by companies seeking a sales edge in a newly competitive climate. In all, 1,023 new brands were introduced in 1975, the largest annual outpouring in twelve years. This year, the pace of new-brand offerings is slackening, but ad revenues will be swelled by candidate spending for political pitches during the election campaign.

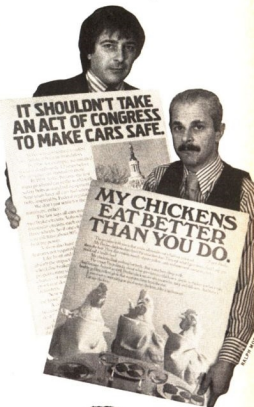
Despite the current upturn, most agency chiefs agree with Marvin Sloves, president of Scali, McCabe, Sloves: "Advertising is going to continue to be a tough business in which to make a buck." Tight budgets, cautious clients and a wary buying public have wrought substantial changes in the way Madison Avenue operates.

Now, the watchword is austerity. To make ends meet, agencies have been forced to slash their staffs from an estimated 41,000 five years ago to 36,000 now. *Advertising Age*, the leading trade publication, found in a recent survey that 77 major agencies now average about four staffers for every \$1 million in billings, the lowest ratio ever. In 1970, agencies generally had six employees for every \$1 million in billings.

John O'Toole, president of Foote Cone & Belding, considers the new leaner people healthy. Says he: "A few excellent people are better than a lot of O.K. people. In the '60s, there were junior assistants assisting assistant account executives who were assisting the account executive, and between them they were slowing down the process."

In this new climate, the largest agencies generally have managed to maintain their relative shares of client dollars; J. Walter Thompson, the *doyen* of the agency business, clung to its No. 1 position last year with \$900 million in worldwide billings, followed by aggressive Young & Rubicam with \$800 million and McCann-Erickson with \$775 million. But in an era of uncertainty, even Thompson's primacy is no longer as secure as it once was. The agency now ranks second behind Y & R in U.S. billings and second to McCann-Erickson in foreign volume, though ahead of both in combined U.S.-foreign business.

Below these top-ranking few, some small agencies have folded up, and some bigger ones are changing their approach



ED McCABE (TOP) WITH VOLVO AD  
SAM SCALI, PROMOTING PERDUE  
CHARLIE MOSS, FOR ALKA SELTZER  
JERRY DELLA FEMINA, WITH EMERY

## ECONOMY & BUSINESS

because they have lost their fame as "hot" shops. Doyle Dane Bernbach, which produced the memorable "Lemon" ads for Volkswagen and the "We try harder" slogan for Avis, now stresses its media-buying and consumer-research capabilities, as well as creativity, to clients. Says President William Bernbach: "Our job is to kill the cleverness that makes us shine instead of the product."

At the same time, new agencies like the seven-year-old Scali, McCabe, Sloves are zooming to the forefront with a tough-minded style that stresses product features. The agency and its principals—Ed McCabe and Marvin Sloves—pitch for Volvo and have brought the brand name to the poultry business with fabulously successful ads for Perdue chickens. They feature a squeaky-voiced Frank Perdue telling consumers with mock solemnity that it "takes a toughness man to make a tender chicken" and insisting

sumer oriented," but to the public the end result seems nothing but the plain old hard sell. It is exemplified by Foote Cone's loud "Shout it Out" commercials for a stain remover and the "Plop, plop, fizz, fizz, oh what a relief it is" jingles created by Wells, Rich Greene's President Charlie Moss for Alka Seltzer—a far cry from the entertaining commercials the same agency turned out for the same product a few years ago.

More and more agencies are reaching for the hoariest devices to use in their



## "Unbelievable."

The Aspen is a small coupe with a lot of class. It's been named Best in Show by the Motor Press Club, the only car to win this honor. The people who buy it are people who want a car that's not just a car, but a statement. The Aspen is a car that's not just a car, but a statement. The Aspen is a car that's not just a car, but a statement.

### TESTIMONIAL FOR ASPEN CAR

commercial. A growing number of ads stress numbing repetition of the brand name; a Purina Kitten Chow commercial mentions the product no less than a dozen times. Because of rising television costs, the old 60-second commercial is fading, and increasingly repetitive messages are being crammed into 30-second time slots. The old-fashioned celebrity testimonial is also back in force. Gregory Peck touts Travelers Insurance, Rex Harrison pitches for Chrysler Corp.'s Aspen car, and Muhammad Ali spouts poetry while shadowboxing for Brut cologne.

**No Fun.** In print, ads are getting wordier in an effort to overcome consumer wariness. Some Ford ads of the early 1970s had few words, and these said little more than that the cars were beautiful. Ford ads today are chockablock with facts about miles per gallon, front disc brakes and chassis design. Some admen themselves worry about the trends. Says Copywriter Norm Muchnick of de Garmo agency: "a good short print ad even today will sell better than a long dull one and always will."

There is evidence that for the short run, the flat-footed approach does move some products. But such tactics run the risk of angering the public. And that eventually may translate into more government restrictions. Says Della Femina of the new ad scene: "It's a shock to see so much crap on the air. Advertising isn't fun any more."

## BUDGET

### A Moderate Policy For an Election Year

Just about the last thing to be expected in an election year is that Congressmen will pass up a chance to play party politics with a key campaign issue. But that is what happened last week when the Democrat-dominated House and Senate Budget Committees met to set targets for Government spending, revenues and deficit for the fiscal year that begins Oct. 1. They could easily have voted for huge expenditures that would heat up the economy while contributing an important advantage to the Democratic platform. Instead, they resolved on a moderate line that will about keep the economic recovery on course.

**Room for Debate.** True, the committees did vote for spending of \$413 billion, v. the \$395.8 billion proposed by President Ford, and for a deficit of about \$50 billion, while Ford had proposed \$44.6 billion. And their votes on specific items leave plenty of room for campaign argument: Democrats are already pressing a debatable claim that their version of the budget will produce 1.1 million more jobs than Ford's proposals. But whatever they may say publicly some top Administration officials are prepared to live with the committees' overall totals. They have said privately that they would be "very pleased" with any spending figure under \$415 billion. Indeed, many economists regard the congressional figures as about the minimum necessary to produce a 5% to 6% economic growth during 1977 and keep unemployment declining (it inched down again in March to 7.5% of the labor force, from 7.6% in February).

Why the trend to fiscal conservatism? One reason is that new congressional procedures, first tested last year, require Congress to look at the budget as a whole, rather than judging spending and revenue proposals individually. Also, reports TIME Correspondent John Berry, "the committee members sensed and responded to a growing conservative mood among the voters."

That mood manifested itself most strongly on defense. The President had proposed military outlays of \$101.1 billion, and vowed to veto any reductions. Though liberal Democrats wanted to cut as much as \$7 billion, the House Budget Committee reduced Ford's target by only \$500 million. The Senate Budget Committee proposed an even more meager \$300 million cutback.

The other important congressional recommendations:

**TAXES.** Both committees rejected the President's proposed \$4.4 billion increase in Social Security taxes, which would have required many workers to pay up to \$49.50 extra next year. They also turned down Ford's call for an \$11.5 billion cut in personal and corporate in-

## WANT A TOUGH STAIN OUT?



For those tough stains your family picks up, try new Shout.

Tough stains like cuff and collar grime, coffee, tea, ketchup, chocolate, even ground-in dirt and greasy oil come out when you spray on Shout.

Cotton, synthetics or permanent press. Shout gets the tough stains out.

## SHOUT IT OUT!

### HARD SELL FOR STAIN REMOVER

Killing the cleverness.

that his birds are more pampered than the people who eat them.

The approach is changing largely because agencies are faced by increasingly demanding corporate clients who find the consumer more inscrutable—and skeptical—than ever. They tend to press for the safe old selling ways of the '50s, when the focus was squarely on the product, often to the exclusion of humor, mood or elegance. The clients also insist on more research. Says Jerry Della Femina, head of Della Femina Travasano & Partners, who is currently working up ads for Emery Air Freight, a forwarder: "Everything is tested, usually in small cities instead of big markets to hold down marketing expenditures."

The most obtrusive ads are showing up on television. Agency chiefs and their clients like to call the new approach "realistic," "tough" or "con-

# Chevy Nova.

## Not too big. Not too small.

This year in Nova you may find all the justification you need to move your family into a smaller car.

### EASY TO DRIVE. EASY TO PARK.

Nova is sensibly sized. You'll know that the first time you ease into a tight parking space that bigger cars had to pass up. Or when you maneuver in stop-and-go traffic.

It sits neatly on a short wheelbase and can turn a circle in just over 38 feet. And we've given it a solid feel on the road.

### SMALL CAR ECONOMY.



### EPA RATINGS

EPA at 25 mpg in the highway test and 18 city.

*Remember:* these mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment. In California, see your Chevy dealer for California EPA mileage figures and power team combinations.

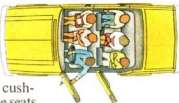


While Nova is small, it's not too small.

### CARRIES UP TO SIX PEOPLE.

Nova has big doors to make it easy for up to six people to get in and out.

And full foam cushioning in both the seats and seat backs to make them comfortable.



### CARRIES LOTS OF THINGS, TOO.

There's a Nova Coupe and Sedan with a bona fide trunk for carrying lots of luggage. And still another coupe has a wide opening rear hatchback to take objects more than six feet long with the second seat folded flat.



### A NICE, SENSIBLE PRICE.

\$3283\* is the Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for a Nova Six 4-Door Sedan. The coupe Six is just \$3248.\* Prices include dealer preparation. Destination charge, available equipment like the \$33 white stripe tires and \$30 full wheel covers on the Nova Sedan below, state and local taxes are additional.

\*In California, see your Chevrolet dealer for prices and power team combinations.

**Chevrolet**

Join Chevrolet and ABC on Monday Night Baseball.

## Not too much. \$3283\*



Nova 4-Door Sedan.





LET US  
HELP  
GET YOU  
STARTED  
FREE  
OF CHARGE.

Discover The-  
Way-It-Was-Place!  
Where there are  
still welcoming smiles  
and gentle people.  
Where there is still  
ancient treasure and  
colonial culture merging

with today. Where there are still plenty of sun-struck beaches and uncrowded hotels and time for laughter and music. Where the daylight still dazzles, the nightlife still sizzles. The Costs-The-Way-It-Used-To-Place! Where your wallet seems to stay fuller because of the dollar values. There'll never be a better time to see it. South America.

For 1976, Braniff has made a South American vacation as easy to plan as one in the USA! The Braniff Travel Planner is a fifty-two page, do-it-yourself tour selector that tells you exactly what there is to see and do, how to get there and how much it will cost. You can focus on a single country. Or combine several different ones. Or city-hop through the entire South American continent. And the Planner comes free. It's the way to start discovering South America free of charge.

PANAMA, GATEWAY TO SOUTH AMERICA.

Panama is a gold mine for international tax-free bargains. You could go there just for Christmas shopping. Tour the ruins of Old Panama, and the Panama Canal. Try your luck in the casinos.

# DISCOVER

ECUADOR, A TRIP BACK INTO TIME. In colonial Quito, you'll see such masterpieces as the golden altar and the 400-year-old cobblestone street, La Ronda. Photograph the monument at the equator. Gamble at the casino, taste the unusual Ecuadorian Ceviche.

COLOMBIA, A NECKLACE OF CITIES. In Bogota, in the Valley of Eternal Spring, you'll see the villa of Simon Bolivar, the Museo de Oro, with its famous gold objects. Ride a cable car to Monserrate, 2000 feet above the city, and go bargain hunting for wool capes (ruanas), pre-Columbian art and emeralds.

PERU, CRADLE OF THE INCAS. See Peru, and Lima, jewel of Pizarro, the great cathedral, the Mujica Gold Museum and the Torre Tagle Palace. See the changing of the guard at the Presidential Palace. Sip a Pisco Sour. Dine on Langosta. And dance till dawn at the Unicorn discotheque.

ARGENTINA, THE MOST WORLDLY OF ALL. Argentina is Buenos Aires, the land of gauchos, barbecued beef, red wine, cruises on El Tigre River — and a lot more. There's the opera house, the pink Presidential Palace — and dinner in La Boca where some say it's New Year's Eve every night.

BRAZIL, LAND OF MANY MOODS. Rio is the beat of the bossa nova, the beach of Copacabana, the 11-story statue of Christ the Redeemer, a cable car to Sugar Loaf, shopping for semi-precious stones.



# BRANIFF

to South America with Flying Colors

# SOUTH AMERICA

## CHILE, MAYBE THE FINEST CLIMATE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

It's summer in December and January, winter in July and August. See the port of Valparaíso and the beach resort of Vina del Mar. And try the different Chilean white wines wherever you are.

## PARAGUAY, OFF THE BEATEN

**PATH.** Ride a ring-a-ding, 19th Century trolley. Buy yourself hand-made Nanduti lace. Listen to Indian harps playing sweet ancient strains. Venture forth into the Chaco jungle. Or pick an orchid while you look down the Devil's Throat, the colossus of waterfalls called Iguassu.

**BOLIVIA, SOME OF THE WORLD'S LOWEST PRICES.** Come down to earth in La Paz. Scoop up alpaca sweaters and llama rugs. Tour the Colonial Museum and picturesque Indian market. Take the hydrofoil trip on Lake Titicaca where the famous reed boats are strangely like those in ancient Egypt.



So there it is. A quick look at the places in South America that Braniff's 1976 Travel Planner will tell you almost everything about. One thing it doesn't mention is that right now South America is one of the best buys for your dollar in the world. Your wallet will tell you that.

The 1976 South America Travel Planner isn't our only free offer of help. Look what else you can send for that won't cost you a penny. (And a personal guidebook by veteran travel writer Jim Woodman is just \$1.00!) Just check your choices and fill out the coupon. Your travel agent will help you, and he won't charge you anything, either.

- PLEASE RUSH ME THE FOLLOWING BROCHURES:
- ☐ BRANIFF'S 1976 SOUTH AMERICAN TRAVEL PLANNER
  - ☐ SOUTH AMERICA ROMANTICO. (IT5BNIFCSA) Fourteen nights, only \$362 per person, twin basis, plus round trip air fare.
  - ☐ LATIN AMERICA WITH FLYING COLORS. (IT6BNIAE104) A wide variety of South American vacations, all with superior hotels, 11 days from \$129 per person, twin basis, plus round trip air fare.
  - ☐ LATIN AMERICA 76. (IT6BNIFMCI) Fully escorted vacations, extensive sightseeing, superior hotels, 14 days from \$689 per person, twin basis, plus round trip air fare.
  - ☐ SOUTH AMERICAN DISCOVERY. (IT7BNIHHS1) Fully escorted deluxe vacations, 15 days from \$1040 per person, twin basis, plus round trip air fare.
  - ☐ HOW TO TRAVEL SOUTH AMERICA WITH FLYING COLORS. By veteran travel writer Jim Woodman. A vivid, personal guidebook about hotels, prices, shopping, food and drink and points of interest. (I have enclosed a check or money order for \$1.00)

Braniff International, Flying Colors  
Room 908, Exchange Park, P.O. Box 35001 Dallas, Texas 75235

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone \_\_\_\_\_ T-N 4/76

"Flying Colors of South America", the DC-8-62 intercontinental jet painted by Alexander Calder. It is the flagship of the Braniff International fleet flying daily to South America.



## The no-plug, no-problem power drill. That's Rockwell working for you.

Ever have to drag 50 feet of electricity along to a remote place just to drill a few holes? The task ranges from inconvenient to impossible. So Rockwell designed a rechargeable battery-powered electric drill that lets you go cordless.

That's Rockwell working for you. Always finding new ways to

improve existing products — or never-before ways to create brand-new products.

One way we do it is by technology transfer, which enables all our products to share the benefits inherent in our multi-industry corporation. This is particularly advantageous to users of our consumer products: Rockwell calculators, Admiral home entertainment products and major home appliances and, of course, Rockwell power tools.

The result? Rockwell's technology keeps making our down-to-earth products work harder — and better — for you.



Rockwell  
International

...where science gets down to business



For more about us, write for our annual report. Rockwell International, Dept. 815T, 600 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.

come taxes. Pumping out the money in higher spending rather than through tax cuts will have a more immediately stimulative effect on the economy.

**JOBS.** The President had proposed phasing out a program that has created 310,000 new jobs, all of them in public service, by the end of 1977. The House Budget Committee not only voted to continue the program, but recommended higher funding (\$4.5 billion) for the next fiscal year. The committee also added \$1.2 billion to Ford's \$2.9 billion request for other job-creating programs.

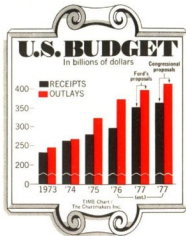
**SOCIAL PROGRAMS.** The congressional budgeteers voted to increase spending above Ford's targets for food stamps, health care, educational assistance and environmental programs. If enacted, many of their proposals face a veto, since the President believes that they involve excessive spending and are thus inflationary.

After the full House and Senate approve separate versions of the budget goals, the few differences between them will be hammered out in conference committee. Then the resulting totals will go back before each house for approval. No trouble is expected in the Senate. But in the House, says Washington Democrat Brock Adams, chairman of the Budget Committee, "we have to carry most of the Democrats because we will lose most Republicans, who will stick with the President's budget, and some liberal Democrats, who oppose such heavy defense spending." The vote, consequently, is expected to be a cliff-hanger. If the committee's version of the budget fails, it will have to adjust some of the specific numbers and try again.

## SCANDALS

### A Tough Bribery Probe?

Elliot Richardson, former Secretary of Defense, former Attorney General, former Ambassador to Britain and present Secretary of



Commerce, added another line to his résumé last week. He was appointed by President Ford to head a new ten-man panel to probe the damaging issue of foreign bribery by U.S. companies (TIME cover, Feb. 23). The Task Force on Questionable Corporate Payments Abroad—the Administration never mentioned the word bribery in announcing it—includes Cabinet Members Henry Kissinger, William Simon, Donald Rumsfeld and Edward Levi along with Richardson and five other top-flight Presidential Counsellors. It is supposed to study how extensive corporate bribery has been and what can be done to stop it; its final recommendations are due by year's end.

The creation of the panel is the latest step in what appears, at least on the surface, to be a stepped-up Government campaign to get to the bottom of the problem of corporate bribery. The Securities and Exchange Commission has urged corporations to disclose questionable payments voluntarily rather than be found out by investigators. More than 50 companies have confessed to such payments so far; another 35 have either come to the SEC for guidance on making disclosures or are the subject of SEC probes.

The Internal Revenue Service, which regards as unlawful any tax deduc-

tions taken by companies for money passed out in foreign bribes, is pushing a "large case audit" program against companies with more than \$250 million or so in assets. In about 35 cases, according to IRS Commissioner Donald Alexander, "we have special agents involved"—meaning that the IRS suspects possible criminal tax fraud.

The Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations, headed by Idaho Democrat Frank Church, voted last week to turn over to the Justice Department information about Lockheed Aircraft Corp.'s overseas payoffs, to be forwarded to countries involved in the scandals. The Justice Department itself signed agreements with The Netherlands and Italy providing for an exchange of findings about bribegivers and -takers. They are similar to an agreement signed the previous week with Japan, where Lockheed has admitted payoffs totaling \$12.5 million.

Yet skepticism is growing in the U.S. and abroad about how eager governments really are to force out all the facts. Agreements between the U.S. Justice Department and The Netherlands, Italy and Japan provide that Washington will hand over the names of suspected bribe-takers only to foreign law-enforcement agencies, which can disclose them only during the course of actual legal proceedings against miscreants in government or business. That means that the names may not become public for a long time—if ever.

**Unprincipled Man.** In The Netherlands, the Justice Ministry has indicated that legal action against Prince Bernhard, who has been accused of taking \$1.1 million from Lockheed, is very unlikely. So, under terms of the agreement with the U.S., the three-man committee that is investigating the scandal may not be able to make public any of its findings about the prince. In Japan, opposition parties are branding Premier Takeo Miki a man without principle for having accepted Washington's conditions of confidentiality in receiving information about Lockheed's payoffs.

In the U.S., too, cries of cover-up are being heard. Harvard Asian Expert Jerome Alan Cohen has suggested that the U.S. did not want to see the names of Lockheed's Japanese payoff recipients come out because Lockheed may have been "operating in intimate contact" with certain segments of the American Government. Indeed at week's end the New York Times reported that in the 1950s, the CIA was aware of Lockheed bribes in Japan, and that Yoshio Kodama had on a few occasions been paid by the CIA for services rendered. A U.S. intelligence official confirmed for TIME that the agency knew about the bribes, adding that "Kodama has been a well-placed, influential and knowledgeable individual and therefore a useful contact for American intelligence."

Consisting as it does of high-level



## ECONOMY & BUSINESS

Administration officials, the Richardson panel will have to struggle to persuade skeptics that it is not part of a further cover-up. In announcing its creation, President Ford proclaimed that the commission's task "is not to punish American corporations." The White House also distributed a "fact sheet" noting that an American law prohibiting foreign bribery might involve the U.S. in investigating foreign officials; that requiring U.S. companies to disclose the names of foreign bribe takers might raise diplomatic hackles wherever U.S. companies do business; and that prohibiting foreign payoffs by U.S. executives could put them at a disadvantage in world trade. Those are all legitimate points, but they will hardly disarm those who feel that such a law would be the best deterrent to further payoffs abroad.

Meanwhile, Lockheed last week finally published a 1975 financial report, which showed sales up \$110 million, to \$3.4 billion, and profits nearly doubling from 1974, to \$45 million. However, the company also announced that over the next ten years it would write off—and deduct from future profits—\$502.5 million in development costs for its TriStar jet. Daniel Haughton, the company's deposed chairman, made a comment of sorts about payoffs: "I increased profits and sales for the shareholders and employees. If they want to change the rules of the game now, let them."

## LABOR

### Back on the Road

Considering the muscular reputation of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, the union's first nationwide strike might have been a bruising bout. What the economy, still recovering from recession, least needed was a protracted idling of the big rigs. The worst was not to be. Within two days after the strike began, many of the Teamsters' 440,000 truckers and warehousemen were free to go back to work. That was because their employers had broken ranks with Trucking Employers Inc., the biggest of the truck owners' associations, and signed separate or interim contracts with the Teamsters, giving the union members wage and benefit increases of nearly 30% over three years. Those quick agreements left T.E.I. struggling to come to terms with union leaders at the Arlington Park Hilton outside Chicago, under the umpiring of Labor Secretary W. J. Usery. On the strike's third day last week, T.E.I. did, bringing the parkout effectively to an end. Said a pleased, exhausted Usery: "The collective bargaining process has worked."

The walkout began early April 1, after the Teamsters' old contract expired. Union President Frank Fitzsimmons, who dearly wants to be re-elected in June, had been pushed by the rank-and-file to hold out for stiff terms. Under



W. J. USERY & FRANK FITZSIMMONS DURING THE TEAMSTER NEGOTIATIONS  
Using the old theory of divide and conquer.

the last contract, the Teamsters received a cost-of-living adjustment (COLA) that was "capped" at a maximum of 11¢ per hour in any year. That limitation, the union reckoned, cost its members a total of 53¢ in their hourly wages, which averaged \$7.18 to \$7.33 when the contract ran out. Hence among the union's final demands in last week's bargaining was the uncapped COLA clause under which pay would keep rising along with the Consumer Price Index. Fitzsimmons also asked for \$1.75 more per hour in straight pay, with 75¢ of it in the first year, and pension and other benefit increases coming to \$17 a week. The employers' offer at the time the strike began consisted of a \$1 hourly raise, an \$11 weekly benefits package and a COLA with an annual 25¢-an-hour cap.

**Red Stickers.** On the eve of the strike, Fitzsimmons invited individual employers to sign with Teamster locals interim agreements along the lines of the union's final demands. Such agreements would serve until the national master contract was signed and would prevent employers from being struck. Hundreds of trucking firms—especially small ones fearful that they could not weather a strike—signed up, and their drivers took to the roads with red stickers affixed to their windshields to prevent being mistaken for scabs. Within two days, by Fitzsimmons' estimate, one-third of the Teamsters were covered by interim agreements. "It's the old theory of divide and conquer," Teamster Secretary-Treasurer Ray Schoessling told TIME.

The solidarity of the trucking companies eroded further when two major owners' groups taking part in the Arlington Park negotiations agreed to settle; that put another 25% of the Teamsters back to work. T.E.I., then under enormous pressure, finally accepted substantially the same terms. The fine print of the new master agreement would not be divulged until union members were sent ratification ballots, a procedure that

takes several days. But the Teamsters reportedly got nearly everything they asked for: \$1.65 an hour over three years, a \$17 weekly boost in benefits payments, and a COLA computed slightly less generously than the union had wanted—but without any cap.

Union members should finish ratifying the contract before May 1, but not all of them approved the terms. "The proposed settlement is completely inadequate," said Steve Kindred, a leader of the Cleveland-based Teamsters for a Decent Contract. "It doesn't provide full cost-of-living protection."

Though freight rates were expected to rise as a result of the settlement, the wage increases were not expected to drive up the inflation rate. That was good news in view of upcoming contract bargaining in other industries; other unions have been watching the Teamsters closely. The reported agreement "doesn't seem like an outrageous settlement," said Murray Weidenbaum, a member of TIME's Board of Economists. "And it averted a major stoppage of the economy." Indeed it did. Had the strike lasted even one week, the Department of Transportation estimated, it would have idled 1 million workers and cost \$300 million in lost production.

## RAILROADS

### The Experiment Begins

Early last Thursday morning, freight train B-6 from Enola, Pa., rumbled through a steady drizzle into position at the big Potomac switching yard south of Washington. "Just another working day," said Conductor Carroll Dikeman as he headed home. Well, not quite. Train B-6—along with nearly half of the other trains and 17,000 miles of track in 16 Northeastern and Midwestern states—had just become the property of the Consolidated Rail Corp.,



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a Government-sponsored private company. ConRail's birth marks the largest corporate reorganization ever.

The new company also inherits the nation's largest railroading headache. By far its biggest component is the bankrupt Penn Central line, which six years of effort and about \$800 million in federal grants and unrepaid loans have not restored to health. ConRail also now owns the Reading, Erie Lackawanna, Central of New Jersey, Lehigh Valley and Lehigh & Hudson River lines. Altogether, the six lines lost almost \$2 million a day last year. But they carried too much freight (20% of the nation's rail total) and too many passengers (428,000 a day) to be allowed to die.

**Unscrambled Routes.** A new federal agency, the U.S. Railway Association, has tailored ConRail to make the best of this difficult situation. U.S.R.A. planners first unscrambled a spaghetti-like jumble of freight routes to find the combination with the most profit potential. That meant abandoning 3,000 track miles completely and operating another 3,000 miles of lightly used track only with Government subsidies. Next the planners got Congress to approve \$2.1 billion in federal loans; that money, with another \$4.7 billion in expected revenues, will be used over the next decade to upgrade tracks and buy new trains. Because ConRail cannot possibly turn a profit until 1979—if then—repaying the loans will take decades.

Before then, several problems threaten to derail the bold experiment. Stockholders and creditors of the six bankrupt lines have vowed to fight for higher compensation for their property, which could boost the eventual payout well above the \$685 million in stock that ConRail is now offering them. Pressure from local politicians might force ConRail to keep unprofitable segments of line in service. Then there are labor difficulties. By refusing to give up archaic rules and procedures, railroad unions have aborted a planned \$66 million sale of almost 2,700 miles of track to the profitable Southern and Chessie railway systems, thus saddling ConRail with a bigger system than it wanted. But for all ConRail's troubles, there is no present alternative to it: no one has been able to think of a better way to save the Northeast's railroads.

## CORPORATIONS

### A Lull at Xerox

The late Joseph C. Wilson, builder of Xerox Corp., was fond of observing that if his company continued to grow at the meteoric rates of the 1960s, its sales would soon exceed the U.S. gross national product. The implication of that self-evident absurdity: Xerox's growth would have to slow; and it has now come true. Last year the company posted record revenues of \$4 billion,

but its profits suffered their first decline—a gossamer 1.8% before write-offs, to \$342 million—since 1951, when Xerox was a small photographic-paper maker, known as the Haloid Co., in Rochester. Worldwide recession contributed to the decline, as did start-up costs for a new copier and the company's 800-model high-speed office typewriter.

Now Xerox is also getting some unaccustomed competition from fellow corporate titans. Shielded by a patent structure that seemed impenetrable, Xerox for a decade monopolized the field of "plain paper" office copying. Other companies made copiers—some under license from Xerox—but their machines required specially treated paper. In 1970, however, IBM came out with a plain-paper copier of its own, touching off a still unsettled suit by Xerox that charges 22 infringements of its patents.

Most of Xerox's high-volume machines are used in the 20,000-copy range. Xerox's response has been to cut prices almost across the board, in an effort to encourage users to churn out more copies from existing machines, while developing new copiers to capture its share of the extremely high-volume business.

Yet the new rivalry in copiers can only add to the company's problems. Xerox had got into computers in a diversification move but last year was forced to quit the mainframe-computer business (TIME, Aug. 4), taking an \$84.4 million write-off—which was not included in the 1.8% profit decline.

Yet Xerox officials, with their usual air of confidence, do not appear excessively worried by the new competitive threat. They note that the company has long expected the copier market to become



PRESIDENT ARCHIE MCCARDELL EXUDING CONFIDENCE IN COMPANY'S MANHATTAN OFFICE  
The trouble is being the target everybody shoots at.

Last year Xerox assured itself of still more trouble by deciding not to fight a longstanding Government antitrust suit and instead signing a Federal Trade Commission consent decree, under which it agreed to share technology with competitors.

Rivals promptly began lining up to chip away at Xerox's 70% chunk of the U.S. office-copier market. IBM last month introduced a third line of copiers. Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co. is planning a massive sales effort for its new plain-paper VHS copiers. Last week Eastman Kodak Co. weighed in with its Ektaprint 150 series, a supersophisticated elaboration of the Ektaprint 100 machine first marketed last fall. At the touch of a few buttons, the most expensive machine in Kodak's new line arranges multipage documents and copies, collates and staples them—all at the rate of 4,200 pages per hour.

**Price Cuts.** Both the new Kodak line and IBM's machines are aimed at a promising new market—users of 30,000 or more copies a month, who now usually rely on in-house printing shops.

quickly saturated, even though sales are still growing. Saturation, says Archie McCardell, Xerox's No. 2 executive, behind Chairman C. Peter McCollough, "will happen but much more slowly than we thought."

Wall Street analysts generally believe Xerox is not in a slump but a lull caused by the natural constraints of being an industry leader and thus the target everybody shoots at. They expect the company's profits to be flat this year but to pick up in 1977 as the 9200 and other new products begin making a real contribution to earnings. In any case, Xerox is still looking ahead. Having done so much to create the mountain of paper that businessmen deal with daily, Xerox is now working toward helping them eliminate it, or so officials privately admit. One definite future tack: gadgetry for the superefficient office, where stacks of papers on desks would be replaced by TV screens linked to electronic files. Xerox is spending \$200 million annually in developing such systems. Its estimate of the size of this "electronic office" market by 1980: \$8 billion.

# Midnight shootouts... duels at dawn... Law and



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Arizona Pioneers  
Historical Society



Butch Cassidy  
Pinkerton's Inc.



Doc Holliday



Frank Canton  
Western History  
Collections, University  
of Oklahoma



Clay Allison  
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Billy the Kid  
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Bat Masterson  
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"God did not make all men equal," Westerners were fond of saying, "Colonel Colt did."



Hangings were often heralded by invitations to the press and other interested parties.



A grim squad of Union Pacific riflemen rides in a special train, hunting Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch.



In the wake of a card-game quarrel, a vengeful cowhand dispatches one player and mortally wounds another in C. M. Russell's *Death of a Gambler*.

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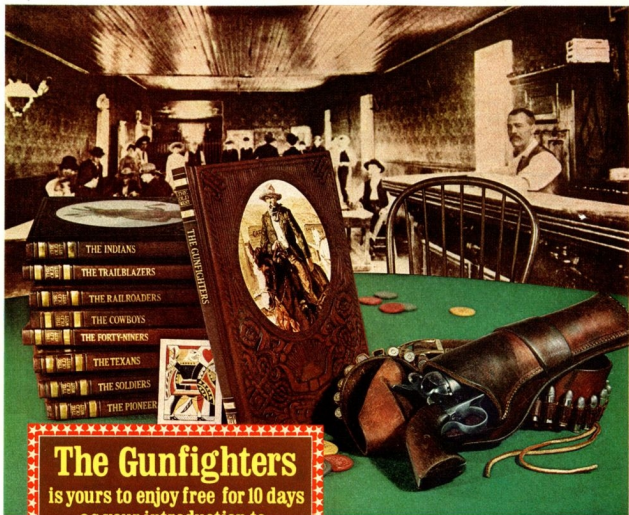


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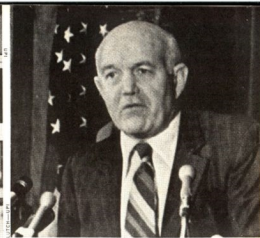
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SCHOOLCHILDREN ENJOYING THE RIDE DURING BOSTON'S BUSING CRISIS LAST FALL



COLEMAN AT MASSACHUSETTS CAPITOL

## EDUCATION

### Coleman on the Griddle

Few professors have caused as much furor as did James S. Coleman when he suggested last April that court-ordered busing was a failure. He claimed that a new study of his showed school desegregation often drove white children out of city schools, thus causing more segregation. The presumption was, of course, a familiar one in parlor debates on the subject. But it was major news that the highly respected University of Chicago sociologist seemed to have verified it. After all, ten years ago, at 39, Coleman had become a sort of godfather to busing when he released a study showing that disadvantaged children do better in schools with children from more privileged backgrounds.

His new "white flight" thesis was immediately attacked and generated numerous requests for the data on which his conclusions were based. He did not release the new study for months, but he did give many interviews and also filed an affidavit in federal court bolstering an antibusing appeal in strife-torn Boston.

Eventually he did release his data, and other researchers began doing their own investigations into the 19 large cities surveyed by Coleman. There had been desegregation in each of them, they discovered, but no court-ordered busing or forced integration of any kind during the 1968-70 period for which Coleman had collected his figures. The sociologist then conceded that his publicly stated opinions attacking busing had gone beyond the data he had collected.

None of his critics disputed the fact that white flight had occurred in many large cities, but they pointed out that it had been going on for at least a decade. White flight, in fact, often preceded school desegregation, helping to bring about desegregated classrooms: when whites begin to leave an all-white neighborhood and blacks move in, the school naturally becomes desegregated.

In July Coleman presented a new analysis, studying what happened in each given year from 1968 to 1973, rather than over a period of years. His new report admitted that the average white-loss rate in the earlier study obscured "very different loss rates in different cities." Still a third paper was issued in August, in which Coleman noted that white loss "proceeds at a relatively rapid rate with or without desegregation" in cities with a high proportion of blacks and predominantly white suburbs. Indeed, each of Coleman's successive analyses minimized the effect of desegregation on "white flight." Last December Coleman presented yet another new version of his study to the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, conceding that "what is not clear is whether desegregation itself induces an increased movement of whites from the desegregated districts."

**Vigorous Defense.** This is precisely what many of his critics had been saying. Meanwhile, a review of his findings was written for the current issue of the *Harvard Educational Review* by Harvard's Thomas F. Pettigrew and Michigan State's Robert L. Green, both noted psychologists. The authors charged that Coleman never interviewed a single white parent about why he may be leaving the city, and they found inadequate the research model of his original 19 inner-city districts and the two larger urban school districts in his subsequent studies. Perhaps the psychologists' strongest point is that three other studies, including two using virtually the same data base as Coleman's, reached different conclusions.

Coleman wrote a rebuttal to Pettigrew and Green that will appear in the next issue of the *Harvard Educational Review*. He vigorously defended his choice of cities but failed to address other criticisms of his study and forecasts, such as his failure to consider certain racial demographic changes.

Last week Coleman took his antibusing case to the public again when

he addressed a joint session of the Massachusetts legislature, a predominantly antibusing body. Government policies can be decisive in integration, he said, "but only if the policies recognize that they require the support and implementation by ordinary families of all racial groups." To that end he offered a plan that may achieve partial desegregation, similar to one he suggested last fall (TIME, Nov. 10). All schools in the city—which should include some improved "magnet" schools—as well as those in the surrounding suburbs, he said, should be required to accept as much as 15% of their student body from outside their own districts. The plan would involve busing only children who wanted to be bused, yet Coleman lost some of his supporters in the legislature. Not South Boston's vociferous opponent of forced busing, Councilwoman Louise Day Hicks, however. For her own reasons, she liked the idea of transferring some of the burden outside the city limits. If this plan went into effect, she said, "I think you would hear them screaming in the suburbs"—meaning, presumably, augmenting the chorus against all forced busing.

### Breaking the Daisy Chain

Mount Holyoke, Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Barnard, Radcliffe. When the first was founded by a Massachusetts teacher named Mary Lyon in 1837, she called it a "peculiar institution"; it was designed solely for the post-secondary education of women. In the 1920s the colleges banded together as the Seven Sisters, partly to present a united front for fund raising. Elaine Kendall (Mt. Holyoke '49) sees all of them as *Peculiar Institutions* (Putnam, \$8.95). Her "informal history" of the Seven, both affectionate and critical, scans their strange beginnings, early growth and difficult future.

From the outset, each sister was clearly unique. After Mary Lyon, "the

## MILESTONES



VASSAR DAISY CHAIN IN 1921



VASSAR STUDENTS IN COED DORM (1973)  
A long way from lilies and manly oaks.

founders of the Seven proceed in a descending spiral of unlikelihood," says Kendall. Sophia Smith, for example, inherited a fortune from a skinflint bachelor brother and intended to open a school for deaf-mutes until she was told that there were not enough of them to fill one. After rejecting a proposal that she make a bequest to Amherst—she believed that professors there were subversive bent on controlling central Massachusetts—Smith settled on starting the college, which opened in 1875. Matthew Vassar, a Poughkeepsie brewer, simply wanted to be remembered, and was persuaded that the women's college he was to found in 1865 would be something "more lasting than the pyramids." In his private diary, the brewer speculated on his future reputation: "The founder of Vassar College and President Lincoln—two noble emancipationists, one of women."

Much of Kendall's work is a social history of an age when a woman's in-

tellectual capacity was not highly regarded. So few women were prepared for college that there were years when Vassar granted only one or two diplomas. Newspapers argued the wisdom of ignoring "great natural laws" and overstimulating female nervous systems by "examinations, exhibitions and prizes." At Smith as late as the 1890s no men were allowed at dances ("from the gallery it looks like a butterfly ball," wrote an observer) and at Mt. Holyoke male guests at promenades were given printed cards with suggested topics for conversation such as "Truth," "Friendship" or "Progress." Vassar women bridled at a sermon comparing them to a field of lilies: "The sole aim of the lily was to minister to the esthetic nature of the manly oak." In 1895, according to Kendall, the women's college movement was staggered when a survey showed that more than half the graduates remained single. This was of no matter, however, to M. Carey Thomas, the redoubtable lesbian president of Bryn Mawr from 1893 to 1922. Arguing that women should have both marriage and a career, she commented tartly: "Our failures only marry."

A difficult time for single-sex colleges began in the 1960s. When men's colleges started going coed, siphoning off some of the best women students, the Seven Sisters had to take a new look at their original charters. Radcliffe elected to become part of Harvard; Barnard tightened its ties with neighboring Columbia, and Bryn Mawr with Haverford; Vassar took in men. Only Wellesley, Smith and Mt. Holyoke remained colleges for women. There is currently a new wave of interest in them, fueled in part by their courses in women's studies, but Kendall believes it is temporary, and that ultimately no single-sex school can survive in the U.S. The interesting question now is not which women's college came first, she says, but which will be the last to go.

**Died.** John Cogley, 60, Roman Catholic journalist and author (*Catholic America*) of a heart attack; in Santa Barbara, Calif. At various points in his career an editor of *Commonweal*, a liberal Catholic journal, and founder of the *Center Magazine*, the journal of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Cogley also served as an aide in John F. Kennedy's 1960 presidential campaign and was instrumental in engineering a meeting between Kennedy and a number of prominent Protestant clergy in Houston, which defused Catholicism as a campaign issue. Late in life (1973), Cogley left the Catholic Church because of its positions on such matters as birth control and was ordained a deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church, preferring to be "a fully affirmative Anglican than a yes-but Catholic."

**Died.** Rube Bloom, 73, self-taught jazz pianist and composer whose songs include *Give Me the Simple Life*, *Truckin'* and *Fools Rush In*; in Manhattan. Bloom first stepped into the jazz spotlight in 1928, when he won a Victor Records contest with his hit *Song of the Bayou*, and stayed there for decades.

**Died.** Richard Arlen, 75, romantic leading man who soared to stardom as a World War I aviator in *Wings*, a 1927 spectacular that won the first Oscar; of emphysema; in North Hollywood. Arlen appeared in some 250 films in a 50-year career that he claimed began with an unusual lucky break—a broken leg, incurred on the Paramount lot, where he was a motorbike-riding messenger boy. Sympathy brought recognition and a chance to act.

**Died.** Max Ernst, 84, surrealist painter and sculptor whose prophetic vision of art made him a seminal figure in the irreverent Dada movement and later in surrealism; after a long illness; in Paris (see ART).

**Died.** Paul Strand, 85, American photographer who created "candid camera," or unposed photographs, by attaching a brass lens to the side of his camera and working at right angles to fool his unsuspecting subject; in Orgeval, France. Strand broke with the soft-focus romantic tradition, aiming instead at social realism and commitment. His series of still lifes of New England, the Maine coast and Western towns, as well as such famous photographs as *The Blind Woman* and *The Family*, attest to his goal of seeing "something outside myself—always, I'm not trying," he explained, "to describe an inner state of being." In the 1920s and '30s he made documentary films, including *The Wave*, which portrayed a Mexican fishermen's strike.

# How to pack key nutrients of a glass of milk, a hamburger, 2 bran muffins and a cup of peas into one tiny tin.

A tin of small sardines from Norway is an amazing container.

While it doesn't offer all the nutrition of all these foods combined, it does offer an equivalent amount of key nutrients of each. Plus a lot more.

Take calcium, for example. A 3-ounce, drained, single serving of small sardines actually gives you more calcium than a full, 8-ounce glass of milk. And more phosphorus and far more vitamin D.

So? So instead of trying to drink 2 glasses of milk every day, day after day, you can enjoy sardines and cheddar cheese on crackers while you watch the late, late movie.

## Milk VS. Small Sardines

% U.S. Recommended Daily Allowances

	Calcium	Phosphorus
3 oz. Norway sardines	40	50
8 oz. whole milk	30	25

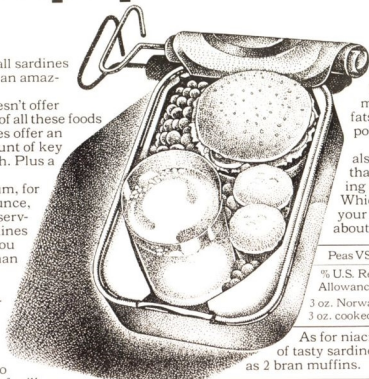
Another surprise. Small sardines and a similar amount of cooked hamburger have about the same protein, plus sardines have more riboflavin.

You can't grill them over a barbecue. But you can layer savory sardines into delicious Potatoes Au Gratin. Or add a few to your favorite quiche recipe.

## Hamburger VS. Small Sardines

% U.S. Recommended Daily Allowances

	Protein	Riboflavin
3 oz. Norway sardines	45	10
3 oz. cooked hamburger	50	8



What's more, sardines are lower than red meats in saturated fats and higher in polyunsaturated fats. A single serving also has more iron than a 3-ounce helping of cooked peas. Which is good news if your husband is balking about such things.

## Peas VS. Small Sardines

	% U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance	Iron
3 oz. Norway sardines		16
3 oz. cooked green peas		6

As for niacin, a single serving of tasty sardines has as much as 2 bran muffins.

## Bran Muffins VS. Small Sardines

	% U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance	Niacin
3 oz. Norway sardines		27
2 bran muffins		20

And we haven't even mentioned anything about the zinc and magnesium in sardines.

Or that a single serving has 20 fewer calories than a cup of creamed cottage cheese, the dieter's old standby.

## Calorie Comparison

3 oz. Norway sardines	220 calories
3 oz. cooked hamburger	270 calories
8 oz. creamed cottage cheese	240 calories
1 piece pecan pie	580 calories

So if you're looking for a very unique and different food that's good for you, look no further. Try sardines from Norway.

Nutrition information based on U.S. Government Recommended Daily Allowances, U.S.D.A. Bulletin No. 382.

**Sardines from Norway**  
One of the world's most nutritious foods.



FORMULA 1 CARS ZOOMING DOWN LONG BEACH'S MAIN DRAG IN GRAND PRIX WEST

## SPORT

### On the Road At Long Beach

Streaking along the ocean shore at 190 m.p.h., the Ferrari is a red blur against the blue, a waft of 500-h.p. combustion that arrives on the ebb of a parabolic whine. Screeching through a U-turn, the car speeds toward Ocean Boulevard. Seconds ahead of a pack that includes the cars of Mario Andretti and Austria's Niki Lauda, the Ferrari roars down the main thoroughfare past three porno theaters, two derelict hotels and assorted pawnshops. It will be a long afternoon for 36-year-old Swiss Racer Clay Regazzoni. Another hairpin right will bring him back to the sea, and the hulking stern of the *Queen Mary* and a dozen festively camouflaged oil derricks.

Averaging 85.5 m.p.h. over the 162-mile marathon, Regazzoni won last week's West Coast Grand Prix. But the 72,000 spectators who paid from \$12 for a bleacher seat to \$1,000 for a hotel balcony view enjoyed more than just a road race. The two-hour Grand Prix was the climax of a three-day combustible fiesta, and TIME Correspondent David DeVoss was among the participants. Explained former Maserati Racer Carroll Shelby as he blissfully sniffed a passing cloud of hydrocarbon: "This is a spectacle."

**Glacé Blondes.** The Grand Prix circuit is the class act in racing. Unlike stock-car drivers, Grand Prix racers are rich sybarites who zip through the industrialized world in futuristic "Formula 1" nodules of fiber glass. Theirs is a life of death and daring where excess baggage means two cars and a couple of glacé blondes. "This is the only gentlemen's sport left," observed a Caracas businessman. "Polo and tennis are such a bore."

Recognizing the glamour of Grand Prix and hoping it would somehow rub off on Long Beach, city fathers and race promoters three years ago began orga-

nizing a Monaco-style race through the city streets. There were a few problems, of course. Long Beach harbors seldom entice millionaires' yachts, and the local royalty consists entirely of wax dummies aboard the *Queen Mary* museum. But Grand Prix supporters predicted that the challenging 2.02-mile circuit designed by former Grand Prix Winner Dan Gurney and a \$265,000 prize purse would offset the deficiencies.

With a quarter of its 365,000 residents over age 60, Long Beach has searched unsuccessfully for a winning image. Instead of being called a "petro capital," it became a "sinking city" when massive oil drilling in the 1950s caused some minor subsidence. For a brief time it attracted the Miss Universe contest, and in 1967 it bought the *Queen Mary*, which proved disappointing as a tourist hotel.

This year, with a \$1.5 million race budget on the line, Long Beach left nothing to chance. Each Grand Prix event was programmed to the minute by officials who met at 7 a.m. to synchronize watches. The whole city seemed to be mobilized, with businessmen working as ushers, and models hawking "Do It in the Streets" halter tops. "We're trying to keep people constantly entertained," said Director of Pageantry John Queen Jr., as four skydivers trailing pink smoke and Bicentennial flags plummeted seaward.

Long Beach's efforts paid off with packed restaurants and hotels. Even the 56 rooms without porches in the *Queen Mary* were full. The Grand Prix may help make Long Beach something more than a civic blob somewhere south of Los Angeles. Says Robert Lichtenhan, director of the city's Convention Bureau, in a burst of boosterism: "We can feel the pulse of this thing building in terms of more conventions and tourism." With contracts already signed for an additional nine years of Grand Prix racing, Long Beach residents may even grow to love smog.

### Living with Defeat

MEDAL OF HONOR RAG  
by TOM COLE

Last wars haunt people. In some ways the South is still haunted by the Civil War. Hitler might never have come to power but for the fact that the Germans were defeated in World War I. The U.S. never lost a war before Viet Nam, and, undeclared though it was, most Americans are so haunted by it that they have wiped an eraser across the blackboard of their minds.

Occasionally a playwright comes along to chalk up the score all over again. David Rabe did it with visceral force in *Sticks and Bones*, a play in which the hero is at peace only with the skeletons who stalk his mind. *Medal of Honor Rag* is a slighter drama argued like a legal brief rather than felt like a wound.

In his first play, Tom Cole, 43, who has written short stories and a novel (*An End to Chivalry*), argues that it is incalculably cynical for a society to reward a man with the Congressional Medal of Honor for doing what it has taught him was evil and abhorrent—murdering other human beings. Cole's medal winner, Dale Jackson (Howard E. Rollins Jr.), a black Viet Nam hero, has cracked up. A psychiatrist (David Clennon) tries to rid Jackson of his survival guilt complex. Why did he live and his buddies die? The notion that survival can be worse than death is probably the weakest proposition in the play. However, the two principals are admirable. Wary, arrogant, street-wise, tortured, Rollins' Jackson makes demands on every player's conscience, and David Clennon's firm, troubled, incisively probing psychiatrist merits a call from the producers of *Equus* whenever Richard Burton leaves that strikingly similar role.

T.E. Kalem

### Till Death Do Us Part

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?  
by EDWARD ALBEE

The plays that belong in the durable realm of dramatic art seem to predate their creation. They exercise a strange primordial authority and inevitability. *Virginia Woolf*'s is just that sort of invincible work.

Albee understood "the territorial imperative" before the term was invented. The marriage of George (Ben Gazzara) and Martha (Colleen Dewhurst) is a strip of defoliated jungle from which neither intends to retreat. They are locked in mortal combat and, in an ironic echo of the marital oath, only death will be able to part them.

The young couple, Nick (Richard

## THE THEATER

Kelton) and Honey (Maureen Anderman), who join them for a savage 2 a.m.-to-5 a.m. session of show-and-tell are simply deployed by George and Martha as fodder for their interecine warfare. The words are tracer bullets and the drinks are hemlock, but the blood lust has an almost tonic ebullience.

**No Abmaphid.** The abundance of humor provides constant comic relief. It has an enormously supple range, by turns sophisticated, acid, intellectual, put-down, cynical, broad, black and even sick. The two leads are superb. Dewhurst does not need to bray "I am the Earth Mother." We know it on sight. We sense that a Samson might have won her respect but never an "Abmaphid ... A.B. ... M.A. ... Ph.D." As "the bog in the history department," Gazzara's professorial George is detached but not desiccated. His wry grin portends revenge. He is a much trodden worm with a cobra's fangs. The less thankful roles of the subsidiary couple are less thankfully played. The giggly Anderman seems to have inhaled laughing gas rather than downed tumblers of brandy, and Kelton's Nick is docile enough to have made Martha's bed but never Martha.

Nonetheless, this revival is triumphant. In the theater there are, ultimately, two kinds of drama, the quick and the dead. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* belongs articulately and terrifyingly among the quick. **T.E.K.**

GAZZARA, DEWHURST, KELTON IN WOOLF



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## Three for the Opera

Kings, queens, demons and two surprisingly resilient corpses played leading roles as three major opera premieres took place in as many cities last week. At the Opera Company of Boston, the scene was 16th century Mexico in the long-awaited U.S. premiere of Roger Sessions' *Montezuma*. At the Baltimore Opera Company, it was 14th century Portugal in the world premiere of Thomas Pasatieri's *Ines de Castro*. At the New York City Opera, the setting was the land of Talmudic legend in the U.S. premiere of *Ashmedai* by Israel's Josef Tal. All three operas were sung in English. Though the music varied in worth, all three productions boasted brilliant stagecraft and demonstrated once again the vitality of U.S. regional opera.

**MONTEZUMA.** Some people transform a stage. Sarah Caldwell revolutionizes it. At the premiere of *Montezuma*, it was difficult to recognize the tiny (26-ft-deep) stage of Boston's old Orpheum Theater. The apron had been built out 8 ft. The lower boxes had been converted into overflow basins for extra members of the orchestra, mostly percussion. Through the upper boxes paraded soldiers and Aztec natives on their way to destiny. Behind scrim and translucent screens soldiers fought silhouetted battles that suggested endless depth.

*Montezuma* is about as grand as opera can get. The story is that of Cortez's conquest of Mexico and subjugation of Montezuma, the enlightened ruler of the Aztecs. In its clash of cultures and religions, and in its juxtaposition of war and idyllic love scenes, *Montezuma* is a powerful statement about the human condition that calls for astute judgment and courageous imagination. This Caldwell has provided, with astonishingly flexible sets (by Helen Pond and Herbert Senn) and bold lighting effects (by Gilbert Hemsley) that the Aztec sun gods might have admired. On the musical side, Boston's impresario/director/conductor has assembled the shiniest of casts, notably Tenor Richard Lewis as Montezuma and Soprano Phyllis Bryn-Julson as Malinche, the princess turned slave.

Until last week, *Montezuma* had been performed only once—and poorly—over a decade ago at The Deutsche Oper in West Berlin. Among those in the audience, however, was Caldwell, and ever since she has been patiently trying to get the money together to stage the opera in Boston. *Montezuma* is indisputably late-tone music's finest hour on the operatic stage. Whether it finds its way into the standard repertory or, like Berg's *Wozzeck* (which it rivals), stays on the fringes, is something

only the years can determine. For now it is enough that *Montezuma* is a work that imbues the mind with searing resonances.

William Bender

**INES DE CASTRO.** This is the twelfth opera by the New York-born composer Thomas Pasatieri, 30; most of them have been performed either by U.S. regional opera companies or on television. A lurid tale of murder, intrigue and frustrated love, *Ines de Castro* builds to a climax in which the demented hero Dom Pedro places the cadaver of his true love Ines on the throne and declares her queen. Stage Director Tito Capobianco has conceived a stunning production that conveys most of the libretto's horror. What is called for musically is the power and sweep of a Verdi, or the psychological insight of a Moussorgsky. Pasatieri instead has written in a bland, old-fashioned style that might be suitable for an O. Henry short story—say, *The Gift of the Magi*. Easy as it is to listen to, Pasatieri's music simply fails the test.

W.B.

**ASHMEDAI.** Josef Tal, 65, is Israel's leading electronic composer. He works in a universally recognized style: 20th century eclectic. This grab-bag approach blends traditional composing techniques, rigorous twelve-tone segments reminiscent of Schoenberg with some electronic buzzes and drones. There are some striking orchestral passages. This kind of writing is not designed to display the human voice, despite vivid characterizations by Soprano Eileen Schauler and Baritone Paul Ukena.

*Ashmedai* is the story of a demon who corrupts an idyllic kingdom that has been at peace for 500 years. The work is really more a theater piece than an opera. The evening owes its success mainly to Hal Prince's (*West Side Story*, *Cabaret*, *Fiddler on the Roof*) making his debut as an operatic director. He is a master of illusion. There is a scene of villagers applauding a fire-eater that visually recalls Bruegel, a ridiculous pas de deux between the queen and a giant rooster. In a final Princely touch, darkness envelops the opera house. Then the spotlight focuses on the demon Ashmedai, who is smiling down from a box in the theater; it is a visual grace note that will outlast anything the audience has heard.

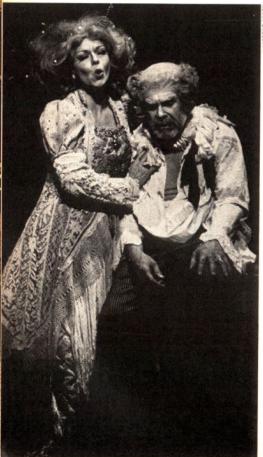
Joan Downs

## Classical Records

**Virgil Thomson: Music for the Films** (Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, Neville Marriner, conductor; Angel, \$6.98). Virgil Thomson is best known for his operas *Four Saints in Three Acts* and *The Mother of Us All*. Among America's serious composers, however, he pioneered the art of writing music for films



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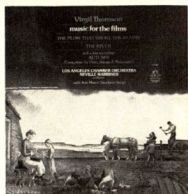
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# MUSIC



**VIRGIL THOMSON'S MOVIE MUSIC**  
Pioneering an art form.

with his scores for a pair of Department of Agriculture documentaries, *The Plow that Broke the Plains* (1936) and *The River* (1937). Thomson borrowed hymns ("the doxology") and cowboy songs (*The Streets of Laredo*) and added his own folk-style tunes in *The Plow*. These two scores were Aaron Copland's inspiration for several famous ballet scores, including *Appalachian Spring*.

**Brahms: Sonata No. 2 in A, Op. 100; Prokofiev: Sonata No. 1 in F Minor, Op. 80** (David Oistrakh, violin; Sviatoslav Richter, piano; Angel/ Melodiya; \$6.98). It was the perfect pairing, Oistrakh and Richter, on the most famous of the Brahms sonatas for violin and piano. This recording was made during a 1972 Moscow recital, 2½ years before the death of the great Soviet violinist. With loving attention to detail, at times unexpectedly puckish, Richter traced each phrase. No question, however, the show belonged to Oistrakh. Springlike and tender or with great gusts of Wagnerian passion, the music flowed from his bow with the ease of raindrops chasing down a windowpane.

**Fauré: Requiem and Pavane** (Elly Ameling, soprano; Bernard Krusjen, baritone; Daniel Chorzempa, organ; The Netherlands Radio Chorus; Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra, Jean Fournet, conductor; Philips; \$7.98). Orchestra and chorus are fully integrated in a crystalline performance of this seven-part choral work by a romantic Frenchman who admired classic Greek proportion. The purity of Ameling's soprano makes the prayer *Pie Jesu* an expression of faith as well as of grief. The recorded sound suggests a church rather than a studio, which is particularly effective in the solemn *Pavane*.

**Angel Romero: Classical Virtuoso Masterworks for Guitar** (Angel; \$6.98); **Spanish Virtuoso Romantic Music for Guitar** (Angel; \$6.98). At 29, Romero belongs to the new generation of guitar virtuosos. But the Spanish-born musician is no stranger to the concert hall: along with Brothers Celin and Pepe, Angel has been appearing with Papa Celedonio Romero's family quartet since he was six. Angel's Spanish gui-

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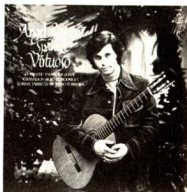


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### MUSIC



GUITARIST ANGEL ROMERO  
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tar music vibrates with the heroic digital work and high coloration associated with the repertoire. He peels off Tárrega's Chopinesque *Estudio Brillante* in a fiery burst of romanticism. He can be soft-spoken when the music calls for it: his Scarlatti is a model of baroque clarity and balance.

**Beethoven: Sonatas Nos. 30 in E, Op. 109, and 32 in C Minor, Op. 111** (Artur Schnabel, pianist; RCA Victor; \$3.98). Schnabel's recordings of all 32 of Beethoven's piano sonatas, made over a four-year period in the 1930s (now available on Seraphim reissues), remain landmarks of the phonograph. Until now they were thought to have been his last words on the subject. Here, however, are previously unreleased versions of two of the greatest sonatas, recorded by Schnabel in 1942. Perhaps because of wartime shortages of materials, RCA put them on the shelf. It then forgot about them. Recently rediscovered in the archives, the new album is a find. Schnabel seems to have refined ever so slightly that particular blend of tranquility and strength that make his Beethoven such a poetic experience.

**Mozart: Symphony No. 35 in D, K. 385 ("Haffner"); Overtures to The Marriage of Figaro, The Magic Flute, Don Giovanni** (the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, Antonia Brico, conductor; Columbia; \$6.98). In the midst of a resurgent career, Conductor

"NEW" BEETHOVEN BY SCHNABEL



Brico, 73, made these recordings last summer after concerts at New York's Lincoln Center. Though an idol of Brico's was Bruno Walter, she reminds one more of Beecham. That means broad tempos, crisp phrasing and careful attention to Mozart's inner voices. The *allegro* first movement of the "Haffner," for example, is really more *maestoso* than the prescribed *con spirito*. But Brico convinces: her way gives the music a power many conductors overlook. This is a notable recording debut.

**Chopin: Twenty-Four Preludes, Op. 28** (Murray Perahia, pianist, Columbia, \$6.98; Maurizio Pollini, pianist, Deutsche Grammophon, \$7.98; Alicia de Larrocha, pianist, London, \$6.98). Chopin's *Preludes* are becoming as much of a must item for pianists as Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata was in days gone by. Last year brought Claudio Arrau's overly cloying version on Philips, and now within a month's span here are three more. Admirers of De Larrocha undoubtedly will want her performance, but others may be disturbed by the percussiveness both of her style and the recorded sound. The choice between Perahia and Pollini is less easy. Each plays Chopin with appropriate flair and zest; each manages the essential feat of having something personal to say while remaining loyal to the composer. If Perahia excels in the end, it is partly due to the exceptional warmth and clarity with which he has been recorded, partly because he has an ingenious way of bringing out every note and making it count.

**Brahms: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D Major** (Nathan Milstein, violinist; Vienna Philharmonic, Eugen Jochum, conductor; Deutsche Grammophon, \$7.98). Once one of the most frequently recorded violinists, Milstein, 71, did little in the studios in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Just how much he has been missed was shown last year by his masterfully baroque way with Bach's six *Sonatas and Partitas* for unaccompanied violin, and now by this equally successful interpretation of one of the nobler concertos of the romantic era. Milstein's aristocratic style turns out to be an appealing and effective foil for the more ruddy, biting approach of Jochum and the Vienna Philharmonic. Here is a distinguished album.

**Judith Blegen and Frederica von Stade** (Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; Columbia, \$6.98). Two brilliant young American-born singers team up with a superior set of instrumentalists in a glowing recital of vocal music. The mood shifts in a varied repertory that encompasses Schumann's playful duet *Das Glück* as well as Chausson's haunting *Chanson Perpetuelle*, sung with grave beauty by Von Stade. Blegen's supple trills whirl with Gerard Schwarz's bright trumpet through Alessandro Scarlatti's aria *Se geloso e il mio core*.

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APRIL MENSWEAR REPORT



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## Self-Made Legend

A PRINCE OF OUR DISORDER

by JOHN E. MACK

561 pages, Little, Brown, \$15.

Perhaps biography will never come to the end of T.E. Lawrence. He was one of those rare and many-selved creatures whose talents for action and introspection were almost balanced, and he has become a mirror to cast back the face of each inspector. Six decades have passed since his efforts to "restore to the East some self-respect, a goal, ideals" raised an Arab army against the occupying Turks in Syria, waged gloriously mobile guerrilla war in the midst of the clumsy formal movements of World War I, changed the history of the Middle East, and were sold out by English duplicity and Islamic squabbling after 1918. He has been dead 40 years. In the meantime, there have been as many Lawrences as writers: the adulat-ed hero (Robert Graves), the narcissistic moral cynic (Richard Aldington), the Hamlet, the Lord Jim of Araby, the heroic closet queen, and so on down to the sexy, prancing psychotic portrayed by Peter O'Toole in *Lawrence of Arabia*. In *A Prince of Our Disorder*, Harvard Psychiatry Professor John Mack has absorbed them all. His prose has the texture of gray felt, but it takes us closer to the core of Lawrence than any previous biography. Here, at last, is an author who can use the disciplines of psychology to open up his subject, not club him to death.

**Gyring Sopwiths.** A vital part of the Lawrence cult was the purity of his war. After the Somme, a new kind of battleground had been given to England: an open mass grave under a leaking sky, inhabited by shell-shocked troglodytes. The filth, stasis, boredom and despair that were the overmastering realities of trench warfare between 1914 and 1918 destroyed the chivalric picture of conflict. That picture survived in only two arenas. One was the sky, where the Royal Flying Corps, the "knights of the air" in their gyring Sopwiths, preserved the image of man-to-man conflict. The other was Arabia. On that exotic chessboard—as described by Lawrence and imagined by thousands of readers who would never go there—battle regained its heraldic quality. Despite the thirst, flies and scorching heat, "the march became rather splendid and barbaric... the wild mass of twelve hundred bouncing camels of the bodyguard, packed as closely as they could move, the men in every variety of coloured clothes and the camels nearly as brilliant in their trappings. We filled the valley to its banks with our flashing stream." The cleanliness of desert warfare was powerful enough as a myth to survive two world



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CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: THE LAWRENCE BROTHERS—T.E., FRANK, ARNOLD, BOB & WILL IN 1910; LAWRENCE IN TRADITIONAL ARAB DRESS, 1920; IN R.A.F. UNIFORM, 1927

Wars: the ghosts of Lawrence and his camels did much for the popularity of Rommel, Montgomery and their tanks.

But if Lawrence was a creature of legend, the legend was of his own making. That distinction separates him from more helpless heroes of the early 20th century, like Charles Lindbergh. He was acutely sensitive to the uses and inflections of propaganda. "We must also arrange the minds of the enemy," Lawrence wrote in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, "so far as we could reach them; then those other minds of the nation support-

ing us behind the firing line, since more than half the battle passed there in the back; then the minds of the enemy nation waiting the verdict; and of the neutrals looking on: circle beyond circle."

Lawrence was a prophet, and his words predict the mental set of every partisan since, from the French Resistance to Orde Wingate, from Che Guevara to the P.L.O. No pitched battles or mass charges against the Turkish hardware: not even an army. "Armies were like plants, immobile, firm-rooted, nourished through long stems to the head. We might be a vapour, blowing where we listed. Our kingdoms lay in each man's mind; and as we wanted nothing material to live on, so we might offer

Claimed the spitballing king  
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#### BOOKS



KING FAISAL & LAWRENCE, 1919  
*Kingdoms of the mind.*

nothing material to the killing."

Seventy years ago most Europeans would have sooner imagined an army of rabbits than one of Arabs; oil did not dominate politics then, and the notion of Arab unity was even more a chimera than it is today. It took a truly romantic imagination to suppose the Middle East could ever turn into a major political arena. The romantic Lawrence was not a tourist, like Burton at Mecca, but—as Dr. Mack puts it—an "enabler" who "tried desperately to exploit no one, to serve the Arabs in terms of their needs, the Allies in terms of theirs, and to fulfill at the same time a progressive and humanitarian vision of the progress of history."

**Enamored Air.** Lawrence's youthful imaginings drew him to this role with an almost somnambulist directness. He would construct his leadership like a work of art, rendering himself ascetic and asexual—he lived and died, by most accounts, a virgin—Spartan in endurance, but Franciscan in his tenderness toward "inferiors" and fellow soldiers. The British authorities in the Middle East had their own reasons for supporting this construction; if Lawrence had known more about the politics of Empire, he might have reached his catastrophic disillusionment much earlier. To be at war at all, the fight had to be holy. *El Auress* (as the Arab sherifs called him) had passed from boyhood to manhood without an adolescence, and his first obsessions with medieval culture—the towers and Crusaders, the brass rubbings and courtly poems—formed his life. His sense of conduct had the enameled air of a *chanson de geste*; by turning himself into an Arthurian legend he could sublimate the horror of war. "I love the

preparation, and the journey," he wrote after a raid, "and loathe the physical fighting."

He was a divided soul, at once masquerader and moralist. The virtue of Mack's biography is that Lawrence's conflicts are carefully (not to say laboriously) teased out and observed, without the jargon of psychiatry, sans the crass hostility poured on him by the likes of Aldington. An unproblematic Lawrence is no Lawrence at all. If he had not received so fanatically strict a moral upbringing and so many whippings from his parents, and then discovered to his alarm that he was a bastard anyway, he might have been saner and less anxious to transcend the flesh; but the histories of the Middle East, and of English literature, would also have been lessened.

**Breaking Point.** Lawrence's way of dealing with conflicts was to bring them, with full self-knowledge, into his public life: hence the theatrical color of his bravery. Only when he found out that he could not wholly command his body in extremity did this courage fail him. This, the breaking point of Lawrence's life, occurred when he was captured by the Turks at Der'a in November 1917. He was tortured and sexually assaulted by the local bey. It has never been quite clear what went on in the Der'a guard-house (Lawrence rewrote his account of it nine times, in necessarily veiled language), but it seems that the raping and beating brought him to an unwilling orgasm. The masochistic pleasure was intolerable to him, "leaving me maimed, imperfect, only half myself. It could not have been the defilement, for no one ever held the body in less honor than I did." So the next four years, which saw the creation of the Lawrence legend by the English and American press, the writing of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and the peak of Lawrence's own political dealings on behalf of the Arabs, coincided with the nadir of his own self-esteem. By 1922 the unmanned hero of Araby had burrowed into the relative anonymity of the R.A.F., renaming himself John Hume Ross. He had become the most famous of all the Great War's walking wounded.

Most accounts of Lawrence's life tend to skip over the last 13 years, on the assumption that Lawrence ceased to be himself. But as Mack shows, Lawrence in England completed the arc of his life quite well, though sadly: his metamorphosis from action's aesthete to khaki pessimist cannot be read as a slow death by self-hatred. Even its episodic squalidity—Lawrence went to pathetic lengths to arrange penitential floggings for himself, at the hands of an enlisted man named Bruce—might once have been thought holy. His sweetness in friendship increased as the old will to power sloughed off. "A decent nihilism is what I hope for, generally. I think an established land, like ours, can do with 1% monists or nihilists. That leaves room for me." The tone of voice is Brit-

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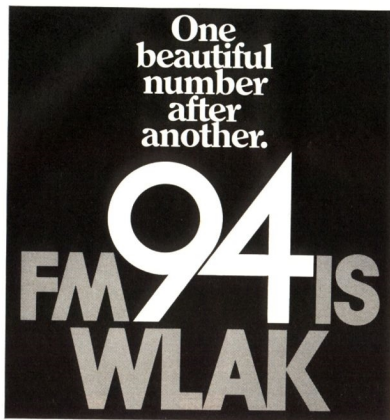
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#### BOOKS

ish samurai, but the last mystery of Lawrence's career remains. Why, after so vast an idealism, should the disillusionment have been so quiet—especially since the silence proceeded from a master of confessional literature? Dr. Mack's book takes us up to this problem, but offers no key to it; wisely, perhaps, since it is the essence of Lawrence's modernity, the deepest riddle of that Welsh sphinx.

Robert Hughes

#### Alien Tongue

BLOODSHED AND THREE NOVELLAS

by CYNTHIA OZICK

178 pages. Knopf. \$6.95.

In her previous works, consisting of a long novel and a widely praised collection of stories, Author Cynthia Ozick, 48, displayed an uncompromising intelligence wedded to a prancing narrative talent. In *Bloodshed and Three Novellas*, she skeptically examines her own gifts. What business has a Jew writing stories in an alien tongue, she wonders: "English is a Christian language. When I write English, I live in Christendom." Given the fiat of the Second Commandment against false idols, she questions a bit disingenuously whether a Jew should write stories at all.

So she perversely tells a tale against tale telling. In *Usurpation (Other People's Stories)* the narrator is "the sort of ignorant and acquisitive being who moons after magical tales." Soon she is buffeted by stories heard at a reading by a famous author, pressed on her in manuscript by a young aspirant, conjured out of her own imagination. Ultimately these intertwined fantasies knot themselves into a dilemma: the ghost of a Jewish poet orders her to



THOMAS FETTER

NOVELIST CYNTHIA OZICK

*Tinkering with the timing.*

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By CELIA WALLACE

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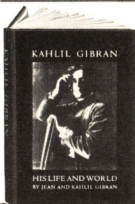
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### BOOKS

choose between the "Creator or the creature. God or god. The Name of Names or Apollo." She chooses the Greek divinity and instantly becomes a font of Western literature. "Stories came from me then ... none of them of my own making, all of them acquired, borrowed, given, taken, inherited, stolen, plagiarized, usurped, chronicles and sagas invented at the beginning of the world by the offspring of giants copulating with the daughters of men." She becomes, in short, a splendid ventriloquist, and the beauty of her adopted speech almost makes her forget that the words belong to strangers to her and her people.

This problem, of course, can be demonstrated but not solved. Is a sacred truth tainted by the human artifact that bears it? Ozick clearly relishes such paradoxes. Her stories are lush evocations of stony mysteries. In *Bloodshed*, a middle-aged Jew visits a Hasidic community populated chiefly by survivors of the Nazi death camps. A professed rationalist, he is repelled by the religious sect, with its ancient memories of animal sacrifice, but drawn to its adherents: "Refugees, survivors. He supposed they had a certain knowledge the unscathed could not guess at." Dramatically, he learns that the Hasidim cannot be separated from their beliefs—and that his own lack of faith has made him demonic.

**Without Venom.** A Mercenary describes a far different victim of the Holocaust, Stanislaw Lushinski is a Polish Jew who survived both the Nazis and the Russians and now works as the U.N. representative for a small African nation. Colleagues mock him as the "P.M." (Paid Mouthpiece), but his past has put him beyond their taunts—and, he hopes, beyond any pain other humans can cause. His cold irony makes him a perfect manipulator of international diplomacy: "Don't try to ram against the inevitable," he advises a young black assistant. "Instead, tinker with the timing." If Lushinski has a tender spot, it is his irritation at being reminded that he is Jewish. Ozick displays this trait without venom but with lacerating irony. She leaves the strong impression that nothing bad will ever again happen to Lushinski because nothing he can recognize as good will ever happen to him either.

No single piece in *Bloodshed* and *Three Novellas* quite matches *Envy*, an earlier tale about a Yiddish writer's comic quest for English translators and renown. But Ozick's skill at thrusting engaging characters into remarkable situations is as enviable as ever. She is self-conscious without being self-regarding. Because she mistrusts her own fluency, her stories constantly strain away from easy observations and cheap resolutions. She demands nothing less of her prose than the ineffable, yet her language does not simply point a finger at prepackaged symbols or detachable interpretations. With remarkable success, it makes a fist around the unknown.

Paul Gray

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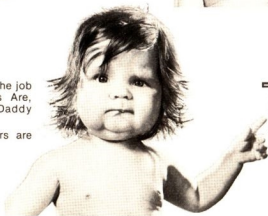
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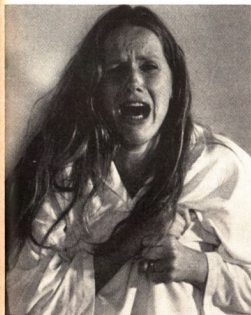
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# CINEMA

## Over the Edge

FACE TO FACE  
Directed and Written by  
INGMAR BERGMAN

This is a strange, stormy period for Ingmar Bergman. His well-publicized humiliation at the hands of the Swedish tax authorities (TIME, Feb. 16) led to two weeks in a sanitarium and, currently, recuperative retreat on Farö, his island home near Stockholm. Professionally, his movies have been enjoying, at least in America, their greatest popularity: *Cries and Whispers*, *Scenes from a Marriage*, *The Magic Flute* have been much honored and widely attended.



LIV ULLMANN IN BERGMAN'S FACE TO FACE  
Emotional descent into hell.

All this does not obscure the fact that Bergman is working at less than full capacity. The new films lack the daunting, haunted intensity, the sheer stylistic brilliance of the earlier *Perssona* (1966), *Shame* (1968) and *The Passion of Anna* (1969). The most recent movies are transitional works, and *Face to Face* is typical of them. It is a movie that marks time.

Like much of Bergman's canon, *Face to Face* is about an emotional quest and a spiritual trial. It concerns Dr. Jenny Isaksson, a Swedish psychiatrist who is enduring the same sort of crisis she is trained to cure. Her husband is off in the U.S. at a convention. Her daughter is away at summer camp. Jenny, for company, moves in with her grandparents, who have decorated her room with all the furnishings of her childhood. In-

stead of reassuring her, the trappings of girlhood seem to hurry Jenny back to a period of intense vulnerability. She is haunted by a presentiment of death, an old crone with a face wrinkled into bird tracks, her left eye a bulging black socket. Jenny, who has taken a lover, flirts with another, a physician named Tomas. She finds herself helpless at work, stricken by malignant anxiety.

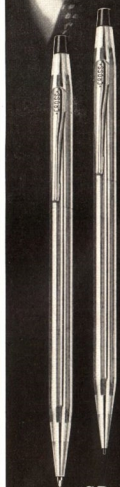
**Bleak Dreams.** Finally she crumbles. Like a coy adolescent, she tells Tomas she will sleep with him—but just sleep. She asks for pills to ensure her rest, but she cannot close her eyes. She starts talking to Tomas in bed about an incident where she was set upon by two men and almost raped. She found, to her shame, that she wanted to be violated, but her body would not permit it. She laughs, as if to dismiss this confession—and all it implies—then, out of control, starts to cry, then laugh again, then gasp through both at once. Soon she tries to kill herself. Tomas takes her to the hospital. There Jenny slips through a series of bleak dreams, fantasies of childhood where she is dressed as a princess in red, gliding, running through reveries of desertion, lovelessness, helplessness.

The movie ends on a note of tentative renewal. If the despair that has gone before seems too familiar, Jenny's fleeting realization that love is the only salvation seems both easy and forced. The scene that brings her to this insight is a tender sickbed interlude between her grandmother and her ailing grandfather, but it is too frail to be entirely persuasive.

*Face to Face* is about a life-and-death struggle in which neither of the alternatives has commanding force. Erland Josephson, who played the husband in *Scenes from a Marriage*, makes an intelligent, forbearing Tomas, but the movie belongs to Liv Ullmann. She has never been better. Her Jenny is a definitive rendering of an emotional descent into hell. Many actresses have attempted this, but watching Ullmann do it, we realize how few have done it well. Hers is an intelligent, devastating performance. Ullmann's little smile of unsettled well-being, the desperation and desolation of her hysteria, are achieved by applying the most basic and most difficult concept in acting: abandonment and restraint. She reconciles the paradox flawlessly, as only great actors and actresses can.

Jay Cocks

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